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The Standard.

UTICA CONVENTION.

Debate on the Constitution of the United States, continued.

S. H. Addington would simply remark, that it was an important question, one that we should look at dispassionately and calmly. However bad was the Constitution, (and he was not going to praise it,) he did not believe the decision of the court was in conformity with it. It was a violation of it; and he felt no hesitation in pronouncing it unconstitutional.

Rev. Mr. Spencer, of Utica, wished before the question was taken upon the resolution, that we might have a little more discussion upon it. There was another resolution before the convention, which requires us to withdraw from, or withhold our support to, this Constitution, in consequence of its being a pro-slavery instrument. The decision of the Supreme Court either was, or was not, unconstitutional. He wished that question settled. Let it be discussed fully; then he might be prepared to act advisedly, when the question of withdrawal came before him.

S. S. Foster remarked that the Constitution recognized slaves as "property." He believed the framers of the instrument knowingly and understandingly engrafted that clause upon it, which gives the slaveholder full liberty to travel the length and breadth of the so-called free States, for his slave "property." Therefore, the decision, in his opinion, was strictly and clearly constitutional.

W. M. Tallman thought it important that a right understanding, both of the decision, and of the Constitution, should be had. Our error, and the error of abolitionists generally, has been, in admitting the claims of the South, in their construction of that instrument. He dissented, in toto, from the southern construction; and not for a moment would he admit the claim. His clear conviction was, that on a fair construction of the Constitution, it could not be made to speak any other language than anti-slavery. The Supreme Court based its decision, not on the Constitution, but on a law of 1793. They should have looked at the *Constitution*, not to a *law* enacted by a body of men, [illegible] of that Constitution, and without a shadow of right. Do not let us concede away our rights. The decision is plainly unconstitutional. By admitting its constitutionality, we admit the slaveholders' construction to be the proper one; which he denied. With his views of the Constitution, he would give it his support. Our duty is to wrest it from the grasp of the slaveholder, and give it its true and rightful construction.

James C. Fuller agreed with his friend Foster. He believed the decision was constitutional. If it was not so, he would be glad to have it shown; that was our object in discussing the question; to elicit truth; much depended on the decision of the question; he, for one, was desirous of information.

The question being taken on the amendment to strike out "unconstitutional," it was lost. The question on the adoption of the resolution was then taken, and it was adopted.

The 4th resolution came up for consideration.

James C. Fuller would again propound the question he presented at a previous session. He believed the Constitution to be pro-slavery; and as such, he could not yield it his support. But the question arises, What is he to do? How is he to avoid it? Must he leave the country? He had no idea of doing that. To be sure, he might be disposed to go to England, perhaps to France, next summer. The question was, in what capacity should he go? a citizen of what country? He wanted to see abolitionists united on this subject; presenting an unbroken front.

S. H. Addington concurred in the opinion expressed by his friend Tallman, on a former resolution. We had conceded too long to southern opinions and constructions. The Constitution did not sanction slavery. The South so construed the instrument. They were not the persons to blame; it was those who moulded public opinion at the North; and among those influences, the clergy stood prominent; and upon them rested, in a large degree, the responsibility.

S. S. Foster, after administering a slight castigation to those in the convention who would restrict free speech, proceeded to the question. He did not desire to make the Constitution either anti-slavery or pro-slavery. He had dismissed all prejudice upon that point. He wished his hearers to divest themselves, also; to look at the question, the naked question. The free people of the *States*, by representation, met at Philadelphia, drafted a Constitution, submitted it to the entire people, by *whom it was adopted*. What is the most distinguishing feature of that instrument? Will any deny that it makes a distinction between men—between the bond and the *free*? Will any one presume that, by that document, the slaves in this country are recognized as *citizens*? Does it not clearly regard them as *property*? Does it not guarantee the power of the Union to suppress any attempt, on the part of our crushed brother, to secure his natural rights—life, liberty, or happiness? If one of those outraged men should escape from his oppressor, to a so-called *free* State, does the Constitution throw its broad shield over him, recognizing his manhood, his *right* to *himself*? or does it secure to the slaveholder—the plunderer of his rights—the further right to hunt him from one extremity of our land to the other; making the North, especially, his hunting-ground? aye! denying even to the freemen of the North the privilege of awarding to the flying fugitive the claims of a *man* and a *brother*. With these views, he must pronounce it a pro-slavery instrument. No man can accept office under it, and be true to liberty. This led him to inquire of his third party friends their position. Is that party revolutionary in its character? Does it abjure every pro-slavery feature of that instrument? Does it trample on it? and does it refuse, utterly refuse, all obedience to it? What is your position? Run up your flag. If you go for true liberty, I have no controversy with you.

At this stage of the proceedings, the business committee reported for the consideration of the convention, resolutions 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11.:

7. Resolved, That the presentation of Henry Clay, as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States—a slaveholder, the author of the Missouri compromise, and the bitter enemy of universal emancipation—is an act of extreme political profligacy, not to be sanctioned by any who profess to fear God and regard man.

8. Resolved, That the prejudice which prevails in this country against the free colored and slave population, on account of their complexion, is vulgar, unnatural, and murderous; the offspring of piracy and slavery; an impious impeachment of the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator; and a mighty obstacle in the way of human civilization and Christianization.

9. Resolved, That the enslavement of three millions of human beings, as brute beasts and chattels personal, clearly demonstrates that the religion, as well as the politics, of this country is thoroughly corrupt and diabolical.

10. Resolved, That as all the sympathies of our beneficent Creator are with the oppressed, and all his indignation against the oppressor, no man is entitled to the name of a Christian who apologises for slavery, or who gives the right hand of fellowship to slaveholders, or who recognizes as the followers of Christ those who are hostile to the anti-slavery enterprise.

11. Resolved, That it is the mission of anti-slavery to extirpate slavery from the land—to drive the monster from every covert to which he may flee for safety, whether that covert be the ballot-box, the caucus, the church, the communion-table, the pulpit, or any other political or religious subterfuge, however venerable or sacred in the eyes of men; nor will it be deterred from pursuing its object by any clamor of priestcraft, or any outcry of sect, or any party devices.

Discussion resumed—Rev. Mr. Spencer would ask a question of Mr. Foster. Suppose an apprentice should abscond from his master; was not this clause necessary, in order that he might reclaim him? and would not such a clause be necessary, provided there was no slavery in the land? He believed the construction of the slaveholders was false.

Alvan Stewart, in answer to his friend Foster, would remark, that at a proper time he should be happy to define, fully, the position of the liberty party. That party was truly designated by its name. It would sanction nothing but what was in perfect accordance with it.

In reference to the Constitution, he held that the clause was necessary, but that the construction heretofore put upon it by the whole country, was false to freedom.

Afternoon Session, second day, 2 1-2 o'clock.

Previous to opening the session, W. L. Garrison read some extracts from an article in the "Daily Gazette," evidently designed to cast odium upon the convention; deprecating, in the usual strain, all mobocratic demonstrations. The exposure of the tendencies of the article, drew out its author, the venerable Judge Bacon, who disclaimed any such design as had been attributed to him; it was written from the purest motives, and at the suggestion of an esteemed friend, whose character would not suffer in a comparison with any member of that convention; and who had as deep an interest in the peace and quiet of the city, as any gentleman present.

Rev. Mr. Spencer avowed himself the person who had suggested to Judge Bacon the propriety of the article alluded to. From the character of those who were to compose the convention, he was fearful of a popular outbreak; and it was to guard against such a result, that he suggested the paragraph. His motives were unassailable; he had in view the quiet of the convention, as well as the credit of the city.

After some further desultory conversation, the convention opened its afternoon session, by a liberty song.

Abby Kelley called for the order of the day; and in order to bring the business before the meeting, moved the adoption of the following resolution:

12. Resolved, That the [illegible] association in this country, has so strong claims on the sympathy and active co-operation of all members of the community, as has the anti-slavery cause, inasmuch as none of these has for its object the sublime effort of restoring to *man*, (now trampled in the dust, and imbruted,) his inalienable rights.

Previous to entering upon the merits of the resolution, she would remark, that it was her desire so to speak as not to secure the approval of slaveholders, or their apologists; aye! to speak as her brother Foster had spoken. To speak as though *her* mother—*her* sister, were *now* before her, as marketable commodities, on the auction-block.

She then went into an examination of the claims of the professed churches; seminaries of theology; education, missionary, Bible, and tract societies. What is the character of their benevolence, and the nature of their religion? Does it not sanction robbery, adultery, and concubinage? Bibles, by vessel loads, may be poured over the wall of China; but when has the Bible society made even an effort to impart the Bible to the slaves of the South? Look at your missionary operations; see its results among the aborigines. Previous to the introduction of the missionaries, the fugitive was received with kindness; he could dwell in all their borders, with perfect safety. Their hunting ground was not polluted by the kidnappers. How stands the case now? Where can the poor, flying fugitive lie down in safety?

Cast your eye over the so-called benevolent and religious machinery; is not the whole moved and controlled by the bloody stream of slavery? Where is there a body, or association, that is not under its influence?

The abolitionists have a glorious work before them. Let them not be dismayed. Though few, let them remember God is with them; and though not many mighty, not many noble are called, yet God has chosen the weak things to confound the wise; yea, things that are not, to bring to naught things that are.

Rev. Mr Spencer controverted the position taken by the lady. He did not deem it the appropriate work of the Bible society to combat the slaveholders. Must the society leave its appropriate work of scattering the Bible among the heathen, to go a crusade against the South?

In reference to the criminality of the churches, in consequence of their being implicated in the sin of slavery, he would refer them to one church free from the guilt; the one worshipping in this house. No slaveholder would be admitted to that pulpit; none would be permitted at the Lord's table. That many of the churches were backward, and wanted a little stirring up, he was ready to admit. None of us are too far forward. If our friends understood our position—our difficulties—those arising from our division of old and new school, they would probably come to a different conclusion. We hope they will inform themselves on these matters, and represent us truly, while perambulating the country, disseminating non-resistance, and no-government, disorganizing the churches, and overthrowing Christianity, under the pretense of promulgating anti-slavery.

His remarks were rather of a desultory and personal character, abounding in sneering allusions and imputations.

Alvan Stewart rose, and in a most eloquent strain, defended the resolution, and triumphantly demonstrated the truthfulness of the position laid down. He referred to the new school general assembly; of his being delegated to it; and of the opposition which he and others encountered in that assembly; and of the final and complete triumph of slavery.

We should be glad to give the substance of Mr. Stewart's remarks; but we find it impossible to do it.

Abby Kelley observed that we had been instructed a number of times, in respect to our manner of spirit; for which, as in duty bound, she was thankful. But what do our advisers mean? Would they have us bow and scrape to the demon; take him by the hand; and call him a clever fellow, in order to cast him out? We have not so learned Christ. He is my friend, who tells me the truth; reproves me for my faults. Fair argument she courted—pettyfogging she despised. Sneering at the "Quaker chairman," or the abolition "governor," however clerical and dignified, she would not notice. In reference to the charges against the professed Church, she would be prepared, on the morrow, to prove them, fully. She was thankful, that amidst almost universal apostacy, there was a little Christianity yet in the land. We are charged with attacking that. She demanded the evidence. It was the guise that falsehood had put on, that she wished to strip off, that she might appear in her naked deformity. On the morrow, she would produce her proofs.

Henry Newland suggested the propriety of requesting the suppression of all expression of approbation or disapprobation of remarks which might be offered by the speaker.

The suggestion led to some observations from S. S. Foster, J. C. Fuller, W. L. Garrison, and others; and the suggestion was approved.

Evening Session, second day, 7 o'clock.

Session opened by a liberty song; and prayer, by Rev. Mr. Witcher, of Clinton.

Business committee reported, in continuation, resolution 13:

13. Resolved, That the friends of the anti-slavery enterprise have reason to be mightily strengthened and encouraged, in view of the extraordinary success which has attended their efforts for the overthrow of slavery, and to persevere in the patience of hope and the labor of "love," until not a bondman shall be found to clank his chains on American soil.

Rev. Mr. Allen said he could not give his assent to the resolution; claiming, as it did, for the anti-slavery cause, precedence of all other benevolent or religious enterprises. It would be saying that two and a half millions, enslaved and degraded as they may be, had superior claims upon us, to the equally-degraded six hundred millions in heathenism. Place the slave as low in the scale of being as you may, still his claims could not surpass those of the heathen world. He did not rise for a speech, but simply to enter his dissent to the language of the resolution.

W. L. Garrison, on rising, requested a patient hearing. He stood before them a detested man, obnoxious to the American people, with a price upon his head, and covered with the foulest epithets; but among them was not found slaveholder, or apologist for slavery. He proposed now to show the various disguises slavery had assumed, wherewith to oppose the progress of truth.

The universal cry, coming up from every quarter—from the religious, as well as the political world—is, reform! reform! And the first device of the devil, in opposing reform, which he will notice, is to affect contempt. "Only a few fanatics," "seeking notoriety," &c. &c. When this avails not, and the reform is still onward, then it is suggested, "whether they are not indictable at common law!" and appeals are made, through the press. When the success of the reform awakens fear, then the popular indignation is exerted, and the conservative influence of the mob is had in requisition to avert the "danger to our peace."

What is the next issue? The devil next cries out, "Your principles are good; but—your measures, your measures." He had never found an opposer of our measures, but he was a decided opposer of our principles. To give up our measures, is to abandon our principles.

The spirit of all subtlety now assumes another form. It is now so kind, and affectionate; denunciation is not to be tolerated, for a moment. "Your spirit, is no bad"—are but men; they may have erred; but this is not the ground of opposition to them, but arises from the fact of their using a word of four syllables. Were it not for the use of this word, abolitionism might have been promulgated, unmolested, North and South. What! is that word of such potent charm? It was *immediate*, before emancipation. All were abolitionists; but all were gradualists: to-morrow, to-morrow, was the siren song. But when *immediate emancipation* was demanded, then opposition met us, at every turn.

Another device of the arch fiend is, to create dissensions among the friends of reform; thus dividing their strength, and weakening their influence.

Another is, to make false issues before the people; representing us as having ulterior designs; a design to destroy Christianity—the Church of God.

Another is, to destroy the character and reputation of those who have been prominent in this reform; as though its final success depended on man. This reform depends not on this, that, or the other man; but on God; and he will furnish himself with his own instruments for the prosecution of this great work.

Another is, for men to profess to be immediate emancipationists; come in among us, take part with us, but to distract our council, and defeat our purposes.

Another is, to represent the reform as an infidel movement; as calculated to subvert everything that is holy and good. How was it in the days of the Son of God? How was he received? how his doctrine? That was the test question of the age; then it was a test of character; it is not so now. He must be a bold man, indeed, who denies that Jesus was the Son of God. Slaveholders and all will admit this; hence it is no test. Who were found opposing Christ?

Just so in the days of Luther. In the days of our revolutionary fathers, their enemies and their opposers were the enemies of God, no matter whether priest or levite, high or low, whoever and wherever they may be found, they are the enemies of God. The anti-slavery enterprise is, emphatically, the test question of the day. It unmasks, as at the judgment-seat, the heart; and the opposers of this enterprise are as really the enemies of God, as were the opposers of our fathers—of Luther—of the Son of God.

In proof of my position, I will summon a few witnesses. First, the slaveholder, and slave drivers. Let me inquire of them, if they are in favor of the abolitionists; friendly to their cause; wish it success? What is the answer?

The next are the slaves. What is their testimony? Who are their friends? To whom do they look for an advocacy of their wrongs—for protection and aid in their flight? The answer is emphatic; the verdict is clear.

The enemies of the abolitionists are the enemies of God. There is no neutral ground. I said it was the test question of the day. It will not be so ten years hence. Some other question will then be the test.

He read an extract from a speech of the Irish abolitionist, Daniel O'Connell, accompanied with a few remarks, and closed.

S. S. Foster.—If, as I stand before you, I was to announce that my beloved wife and child were now advertised in your National Intelligencer, to be sold to-morrow, in the capital of your country, you would not expect me to speak in measured tones, and graceful periods. No; but one beloved far more than wife or child, is now in that condition. The Lord Jesus, your Saviour and mine,—He upon whom rest our hopes for time and eternity, is now advertised to be sold under the hammer. Two and a half millions of my brethren are in the same condition. And who are the guilty perpetrators of this outrage? Your president, your legislators, your judges, are all implicated in this guilt. Your whole land is covered with blood. Your President is a pirate. You have said, by your laws, that to trade in slaves on the coast of Africa is *piracy*, punishable with *death*. I know of no difference in slave trading on the coast of Africa, or in Virginia. (Here the speaker was interrupted, and great confusion prevailed during the remainder of the evening.)

One of the fugitives made a short address, and the convention adjourned about ten o'clock, to ten o'clock to-morrow morning.

Morning Session, third day.

Meeting called to order by the president. Prayer by Rev. D. Plumb.

The committee on State society, &c. by their chairman, reported the following preamble, constitution, and list of names, as suitable persons for officers of the society.

REPORT.

(The preamble of the American Anti-Slavery Society was adopted, with the exception of one sentence, consequently it is omitted.)

Constitution.

ARTICLE I. This society shall be called the Central New-York State Society, auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society.

II. The object of this society is the entire abolition of slavery in the United States. It shall aim to convince all our fellow-citizens, by arguments addressed to their understandings and consciences, that slaveholding is a heinous crime in the sight of God, and that the duty, safety, and best interests of all concerned, require its *immediate abandonment*, without expatriation. The society will also endeavor, in a constitutional way, to influence Congress to put an end to the domestic slave trade, and to abolish slavery in all those portions of our common country which come under its control, especially in the District of Columbia; and likewise, to prevent the extension of it in any State that may be hereafter admitted to the Union.

III. This society shall aim to elevate the character and condition of the people of color, by encouraging their intellectual, moral, and religious improvement, and by removing public prejudice, that thus they may, according to their intellectual and moral worth, share an equality, with the whites, of civil and religious privileges.

IV. Any person who *adopts* the principles of this constitution, may be a member of the society, and shall be entitled to vote at the meetings.

The remaining articles we omit; they relate merely to the officers, and their duties.

The annual meeting is to be held at such place as the board may determine, on the second Wednesday of September.

W. L. Garrison, in behalf of the committee, assigned the reason why they did not include in the third article, this sentence, viz:

"But this society will never, in any way, countenance the oppressed in vindicating their rights by resorting to physical force."

Abolitionists, as a general thing, did not hold to those views; hence, it was inconsistent in them to require of others, that which they did not practise themselves. To be consistent with the principle involved, they must necessarily adopt non-resistant views.

The report was accepted; and on motion to adopt,

S. S. Foster objected. The fourth article did not go far enough. It was not strong enough. He wished a clause inserted, which would exclude from membership all who had not withdrawn from all pro-slavery political and religious parties. Anybody might come in under this article, pro-slavery priest, and people. No person retaining his connection with the sects, or parties, was an abolitionist. He had no confidence in this preaching and praying, and voting for a slaveholder; it was all base hypocrisy. This article would allow even the minister and people, who come up every week to this house, to strengthen the chains of the slave, to be members. He was for no half-way measures.

Rev. Mr. Allen observed, from the remarks of the last speaker, he was led to [illegible] and in no other way could he account for this course during this convention, than to attribute it to insanity.

In reference to the devices of the devil, a number of which brother Garrison alluded to in his argument last evening, he would remind them that there was one which had not been referred to; perhaps it was forgotten. It was this. When the devil sees a person active and zealous in any good cause, and finds it impossible to destroy their influence in any other way, he then drives them too far, to the other extreme, for he cares not how it is effected, so that it is but done. Is not this the case in the present instance? What do our friends mean by introducing non-resistance, and no-government here, and denouncing the Church and the ministry in the manner they have done? Let us look at this question of non-resistance and no-government a few moments,——

A point of order was raised. After some conversation, Mr. Allen again resumed. He considered himself in order in discussing those questions, but would state his objections to adopting this constitution, because it would admit persons with whom he did not wish to associate; those who denied human government, which he held to be of divine appointment,——

The gentleman was again called to order. He appealed from the decision of the chair. On the appeal, the chair was sustained.

He again resumed. He objected to the organization of the society at this time, on the ground that it admitted non-resistant and no-government men, whom he held as most wicked and vile persons. There had been no anti-slavery in the proceedings of this convention. It had been a tirade of abuse from these individuals, and he objected to the constitution, because it did not exclude such.

He was again called to order, but proceeded with his remarks, saying he would confine himself to another objection; but immediately wandered, and was again called to order; again said he would proceed upon another point.

He said objections had been made to this constitution, because it did not go high enough; that is, it did not exclude those who paid priests! This was the anti-slavery of the originating influences of this convention. He objected to the whole constitution; this influence pervaded it. It was got up under objectionable auspices. A bad odor went from it. It smelt too strong of Garrisonism, Kelleyism, &c.

Alvan Stewart, in reply to these objections, remarked, that any person or persons, one or more, had an undisputed right to organize a society in Central New-York, or anywhere else, and throw their banner to the breeze. To object to their organizing a society, because they don't think as we do, is the very thing abolitionists have complained of in years past.

As to the insanity of Mr. Foster, he had nothing to do with that. If he *were* crazy, but told us the truth, we were bound to receive it. He, of course, did not expect to become a member of the society. He was a liberty party man; but he hoped our friends would have no obstacles thrown in their way, but that they go on and organize their society, and do all the good they can.

Mr. Coffin observed, that he came there as an abolitionist. He had been one for seven years. He came to the convention to co-operate with it; and if a society was organized, to unite with it. But he did not approve of the course of the convention, and was in favor of postponing the formation of the society. The constitution should be thoroughly investigated. Those who voted for it, would be considered members of the society. Let us examine it candidly; if we are satisfied with it, then adopt it; if we are not satisfied, amend it. But time should be taken for this; he was in favor of a postponement.

W. L. Garrison claimed the privilege, after the remarks we had heard, of presenting the principles of the non-resistants; not to go into a defense, or an argument. What, then, is non-resistance? Is it to live under the autocrat of Russia, the emperor of Austria, or John Tyler? No; but to live under the government of Jesus Christ, to acknowledge him as our lawgiver, to obey him implicitly, following him in all things, live as he lived, act as he acted. *This is non-resistance. This* is to destroy Christianity, uproot the Church, and overthrow our glorious institutions!

Rev. Mr. Cory, of Utica, was in favor of an indefinite postponement of the organization of a society. There was a bad spirit in the convention, and had been from the commencement of it, and he was opposed to organizing a society under such influences.

Dr. L. F. Havens came to the convention with the most friendly feelings. He had been an abolitionist for years; and had the honor of being the president of the first anti-slavery society formed in the section where he lived. For the two past years, he had voted with the liberty party, believing it proper to be consistent.

The course of the leaders of this convention had been such as to astonish him. The best men in our city—clergymen, of [illegible] characters, of the purest motives, had been assailed, and our citizens, without an exception, had been denounced as base hounds; and asked, Why don't you put on your master's collar? Our President, also, and the institutions of our country, had not been exempted. As a citizen of Utica, he repelled the imputation cast upon them. It was uncalled for; and he, for one, did not wish to be held up in this manner. He disapproved of the course taken, and of the language used.

William Coffin concurred in the remarks of Dr. Havens. He disapproved of such language, in toto.

Abby Kelley would inquire, Why should we postpone the organization of a society, because a non-resistant is there to assist in it? This was a remarkable reason. Or, because hard language, as it is called, has been used? A great deal is said about hard language! Pray tell me who are offended? Pro-slavery churches and ministers have been assailed! Who are they? Was it my brethren, Plumb and Peylar? Did they take offense at it? As the remarks of the speakers seemed designed to consume the time, and defeat the organization of the society, she would move the *previous question*.

Henry Newland requested that the previous question might be withdrawn for a few moments. An individual had risen there professedly in behalf of the citizens of Utica, defending them from the aspersions cast upon them by members of this convention. He considered the remarks as wholly gratuitous and unauthorized, and in a stream of indignant eloquence, repelled the charges against the convention. In reference to the term pirate, as applied to John Tyler, he, in a most happy manner, alluded to the language of the whig press, to their caucus orators, and to the expressed opinion of the entire party, in reference to the President—their open denunciation, and unsparing epithets; and then for these men to come into this convention, and take exceptions to the "terms," and "epithets," and "denunciations," was passing strange.

W. M. Tallman deprecated the excitement, the opposition, and the constant interruptions, speakers were subjected to. The convention had met here for a specific object; and for it to be assailed, and interrupted in this manner, was highly improper. He implored them to let the convention proceed with its business.

The confusion here became very great. Mr. Tallman could not proceed.

John H. Ostrom [illegible] sion been made to him. He denied the charge that he had heaped upon John Tyler epithets and denunciations such as we heard last evening. He had never done it. He had always been extremely cautious, when speaking of the President. But, if he had used such language, then, according to the gentleman's ethics, and he is a professing Christian, it justified him in abusing and defaming some one else! Could it be that the citizens of Utica would permit such vituperation as we had heard in this convention? *Will they allow it?* I do not believe the citizens would sanction the formation of such a society. Let the citizens come here and discuss the question, and if a majority of them approved and adopted the constitution, he would go with them. He disclaimed any intention of exciting popular indignation.

Rev. D. Plumb.—From Mr. Ostrom's position last evening, he did think he sympathized with the mob. If not, why was not his influence against it? Free speech was struck down, and where was General Ostrom? But whatever we may have thought of his conduct last evening, this morning he has clearly defined his position. He calls for the suppression of the society, not because its organization is an unlawful act, but because the popular will is not in favor of it! And upon whom does he call to suppress the meeting? Upon the city authorities? No. But it was an appeal to the mob principle. They are the conservators of the peace! They are the defenders of the Church!

Gentlemen had said that the Church had been assailed, and that Christianity was to be attacked. What! when the hypocritical mask is torn off from those who, under its guise, are covering up every unclean thing, and making the house of God a den of thieves? Is this attacking Christianity? Is this destructive to the churches? If so, they may well cry out.

But it remains to be proved, that an attack upon corrupt organizations, either of Church or State, is attacking Christianity; if so, then they must be identical, the very thing which we wish proven.

Some further remarks were made by a number of gentlemen, and the question was called for.

On the question of adopting the constitution for the Central New-York Anti-Slavery Society, it was decided in the affirmative, by an almost unanimous vote.

The following persons were then elected officers and managers of the society, for the ensuing year:

James Cannings Fuller, President.

Abraham Van Epps, Oneida; Alfred Wilkinson, Onondaga; Henry Chase, Cayuga; Henry Johnson, Tompkins; Stephen W. Brown, Herkimer; E. S. Cadwell, Madison; Orson Ames, Oswego; ——— Phelps, Jefferson; Barnabas Yale, St. Lawrence; Lumin Brockaway, Otsego, Vice-Presidents.

Henry Bushnell, Treasurer.

Andrew Hanna, Corresponding Secretary.

W. C. Rogers, Recording Secretary.

Samuel Lightbody, Sarah Van Epps, George Peylar, Paulina S. Wright, William M. Tallman, William Johnson, Mary Springstead, Elizabeth Russell, Robert Paul, Nancy Bushnell, Francis Wright, James Hallock, Henry Newland, Executive Committee.

It was moved that the vote on the adoption of the constitution be reconsidered. (Lost.)

Afternoon Session, third day.

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Spencer,

Abby Kelley, would take this opportunity of presenting the claims of the anti-slavery cause,—publications, &c. After a few brief remarks on the character of the claims, she moved the adoption of the following resolution:

14. Resolved, That the progress of freedom will be, under God, in proportion to the fidelity of its friends and their liberality in pecuniary contributions; and that we now proceed to take up donations and subscriptions for the benefit of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

On the merits of the resolution she would offer a few thoughts. The anti-slavery cause is to be prosecuted in the same manner that we prosecute every other moral enterprise; consequently, it required the same instrumentalities. She referred to the revivals of anti-slavery in various places, which, for the want of more efficient and protracted labor, had died away, or remained inert, until again aroused by the living voice of those who had consecrated themselves to this work. The necessity of more active efforts, of a more self-sacrificing spirit, is obvious. The persons can be obtained; they are at hand, ready to devote themselves to the cause, provided a subsistence is secured to those who are dependent on them. The treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society is empty; help is demanded from all who love the cause of human liberty. Agents should now be traversing the whole North, kindling up the fires of liberty. How shall it be done? Who is prepared to consecrate himself, his all, to the cause of universal freedom?

An opportunity will now be given to replenish the treasury of the society, by pledges and donations.

W. L. Garrison, united in the appeal, and urged the claims of the cause. During the remarks, pledges and donations were received at the table, amounting to about one hundred and seventy dollars. (The specific amount, with the names of the donors, will be acknowledged by J. A. Collins.)

Evening Session, third day.

Session opened by a liberty song; prayer by Rev. D. Plumb.

James C. Fuller observed, that at the morning session, a draft of a constitution was presented, and a society was organized. He would read the constitution, as adopted, and then opportunity would be given to those who might desire to become members.

The constitution of the State Society was read, and during the evening members were received.

On motion, the 11th resolution was made the order of the evening.

Mr. Lovegrove, on taking the floor, remarked: It was a glorious truth uttered by one of our fathers, that error may be safely tolerated, while truth is left free to combat it. He was not fully prepared to discuss the merits or demerits of slavery, but he was sufficiently familiar with the system, had seen enough of it himself to cause his blood to run cold at its atrocities.

The arguments of friend Garrison, had gone to prove the abominations of slavery; and, he might have gone further, and proved that slavery, with all its abominations, is upheld by the North. I have seen slavery in Georgia and South Carolina. Before going there, I was opposed to the movements of the abolitionists; but when I witnessed the atrocities of the system, I was led to investigate the subject, and that investigation has established me in a settled hostility to the system—a system which converts the image of the holy, immaculate God, into a brute—to merchandise.

On his arrival at Darien, Ga. he commenced his investigation; and though at the commencement warned of the danger, he still pursued his inquiries. Upon one occasion he found a large number of the slaves in consultation; they were discussing measures of escape; on discovering a stranger among them, they enquired where he was from. He told them Boston. Their countenances at once lit up at the sound. They had learned of Boston; and, oh! gladly would they lift up their eyes upon that city. In their imagination it was an elysium.

He continued at some length, detailing his observations of the atrocities of the peculiar institution.

Rev. Mr. Warren, of Vernon, had often thought that the greatest victory man had gained over himself, was to concede to others, the same rights he claimed for himself. On the introduction of the temperance reform, it met his opposition. But what had teetotallism done? ward movement in the anti-slavery cause? Some of God's dear children are impressed with its necessity, and are willing to be forward in the movement. It is true, they will encounter opposition. Why? Because, in declaring the truth upon this subject, many will say, "In thus speaking thou reproachest us;" hence their opposition, and enmity to the truth and its advocates. This is a broad resolution, but I love it. Look at it; do not be afraid of it. When God judges, who will escape? Many will say to the advocates of these truths, "Are you the only saints?" This inquiry undoubtedly was made in the days of Noah. "Are you only to be saved?" So in the cities of the plain. "You are the man, Lot. You are the only favorite." Such remarks are to be expected, but we are not to let them trouble us; but be faithful to God, and his truth.

There being a desire manifested to hear W. L. Garrison speak, he rose and remarked that the speaking had been all on one side. He would be glad to hear from those who were opposed to the resolution; after which, if it was proper, he should have no objections to address the meeting.

Rev. Mr. Spencer, in reply to the invitation given, would simply remark, that he came to the meeting to be skinned. Notice was given by the lady that such an operation would be performed, not only on himself, but on all the ministers of this city. He expected the process would have been gone through with this evening. He yet remained unskinned, and had no further remarks to offer until the skinning operation was performed.

W. L. Garrison answered, in respect to the invitation which the gentleman thought was for his special benefit, he must say, that he had no reference to the gentleman at all; for he was not in his mind; it was to those persons who might be honestly opposed to the resolution, and were desirous of expressing those views to the convention. In reference to the other topic, to which the allusion was made, he would merely state, that the arrangement of the convention, in reference to the topics discussed, had been broken in upon by the opposition which the convention had experienced in the prosecution of its business. Otherwise, the "church question," which was designed for a portion of this day's discussion, would have been brought forward ere this.

J. C. Fuller observed, that if the friends wanted the church question, he would enter upon the discussion of it; and he would begin with the Quaker church, to show he had no partiality. He then briefly recapitulated some of their prominent pro-slavery acts; among other, their conduct in respect to Henry Clay. He then, in a brief manner, examined the policy of the Methodist Episcopal, and Presbyterian churches, showing their intimate connection with slavery; and closed with a passing remark in reference to the Baptist church.

Great confusion in the house during, and at the close of, his remarks.

(*Liberty Song.*)

Wm. Padding took the platform; observing, if he could have the attention of the meeting, he had a few things to offer, by way of correcting a few mistakes which the last speaker had fallen into.

I am with you in almost everything but this. I pray you may possess a gospel spirit. I cannot believe, for one moment, in such sweeping charges—that the churches are so corrupt; or that there are such monsters occupying the sacred desk, or covered by the sacerdotal robe. At the South, I admit, it's very bad; but I am not defending the South; it is the North we have to do with, and with the churches at the North. I think I can show that there are a large number of churches, even in New-York, who have washed their hands clear of slavery. To those who are guilty, we should address ourselves in all kindness, copying the blessed Saviour. He would not, even if they were wrong, traduce the whig, or the democrat, or the liberty party man; but he would win them, with all kindness.

But to the mistakes. My friend has referred to the Baptist churches; but he does not understand the position of all the churches; he can show him those that have taken a decided stand upon this question, and loudly raised their voices for the slave. He then read from the proceedings of a body of about thirty Baptist churches,

which met at Vernon, Oneida county, 1841. The resolutions were of a genuine anti-slavery character. He then referred to another body, which met in Ontario county; and to another, which met at Cassvilly, in this county; both of which passed resolutions of a high anti-slavery order. He then referred to a State convention, composed of delegates from about one hundred and fifty of those churches. Their resolutions were of a similar stamp. He stated these facts, not only to correct an error, but to encourage the hearts of abolitionists; and would bid them go on; it was a good cause; and all should be united in it.

J. C. Fuller rose to reply; when the confusion became so great, he was unable to proceed for some time. Torpedoes, and other missiles, were thrown about the house. He finally succeeded, (with the assistance of a couple of clergymen, who appeared to have great influence with the mobocrats.) He denied that the documents in proof, did materially alter the case; for notwithstanding these resolutions, these very ministers and members were voting for slaveholders, constantly; they could vote for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too"— Here the mobocratic spirit again burst forth, rendering it impossible for Friend Fuller to proceed.

Horatio Seymour, the mayor of the city, at this stage of the proceedings moved forward and addressed the meeting; observing, that by such conduct we disgraced ourselves. This convention had a perfect right to assemble here, and discuss any subject they chose, without molestation; and he hoped that they would be permitted to proceed. He came there *armed with no authority*, other than a citizen of Utica; but he would earnestly request the audience to be quiet, and listen to the gentleman in the pulpit.

During the mayor's appeal, and until some one attempted to speak, the house was quiet. After a number of fruitless efforts by gentlemen, the Rev. Mr. Allen was heard for a short time, in silence.

S. S. Foster also secured the attention of the house, and remarked, that he was asked a question yesterday, which he was to have answered to-day, but no opportunity had as yet offered. He would be glad to answer a number of questions, in relation to the citizens of Utica, whom he had charged with heavy crimes. He had been advised to silence, this evening, and the order of the meeting changed. The responsibility must rest where it belongs. He was conscientious in his course; did not mean to injure any person. If he had done wrong, on being convinced of it, he would be happy to make all the reparation in his power.

Rev. Mr. Spencer was happy to say, from a more intimate acquaintance with Mr. Foster, and from the spirit manifested this evening, he believed him to be a Christian, whose only motive was to do good; and though he did not approve of the course pursued by him, he could say, God bless him.

Abby Kelley observed, that notwithstanding the documents brought forward to controvert the charges made against the churches, she was prepared to prove all that had been asserted. She would prove the *deed*, in contradiction to the *word*. There was not time this evening; but if the court-house could be obtained on Saturday evening, and mob law did not prevail in Utica, she would address them upon that subject.

Here the house became a perfect Babel; it was impossible for any speaker to proceed.

The mayor again addressed the mob. This was the first request of the kind he had ever made to his fellow-citizens. Would they listen to him? Never did he feel so disgraced before; the disgrace rested upon him, as the first officer of the city. On being asked by one of the secretaries, if he had not power, as mayor, to preserve the peace? he replied, *he had no power, any more than any other citizen.*

It will all be charged on the clergy, if the convention is broken up.

Rev. D. Plumb. So far as the clergy are concerned, he washed his hands of any participancy in this outrage. Those who were guilty, might rest under the charge.— But for the continuance of this scandalous conduct, this outrage upon the city, he charged it home directly upon the mayor; he alone is responsible.

Jacob Snyder said the responsibility of the mob rested on the mayor, and police of the city. If the mayor would order the names of the disturbers to be taken down, for prosecution, he would give him a dozen.

When the mayor thus found the responsibility actually upon him, he said he would prosecute every individual who was engaged in this disturbance, on their names being made known to him. On this announcement, the disturbance immediately subsided; and,

On motion of J. C. Fuller, the thanks of this convention be tendered to those citizens of Utica, who have so kindly proffered their hospitalities to the members of this convention.

Rev. Mr. Spencer rose, and wished that it might be understood, distinctly, that this was no mob! The meeting, it was true, had been disturbed by some boys, and others; but it was no mob! Those who called it so, did it from sinister motives, to publish in their papers, just for effect.

After some further desultory conversation from a number of speakers, at a late hour the convention adjourned.

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY, *President.*

W. C. Rogers, W. P. Clark, H. Bushnell, } *Secretaries.*

Selections.

From the Philanthropist.

FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE—THE CASE OF LATIMER, &c.

The clause of the Constitution, providing for the surrender of fugitives from service, is daily becoming more and more repugnant to the feelings of the people of the free States.

Indeed, the existence of such a provision is a foul blot on that instrument. Its continued toleration is an infamous disgrace to the people of the United States. When we consider that we are a Christian people, a civilized people, with some pretensions to humanity, it is monstrous that we should consider ourselves bound to give up a *man*, an innocent *man*, seeking to escape from a galling bondage. We would not avail ourselves of any legal subtilty. We admit freely and fully, that the provision of the Constitution, in relation to fugitives from service or labor, was intended to cover the case of escaping slaves—to bind one State to surrender slaves escaping into it from another. We admit freely and fully, that our fathers went into this agreement with their eyes wide open to its meaning—that they were not tricked into it—that when they bound themselves thus, they knew they were binding themselves and their children to violate the most sacred rights of man, to trample upon the most precious offices of humanity. But, when we have admitted all this, we denounce their act, as a deed of unmitigated wickedness—we abjure this part of the covenant, as infamous, as impious—we declare to the world, we declare to our brethren of the South, we will not be bound by any such provision—it is accursed—and a regard to the principles of eternal justice, a proper respect to the cherished principles of the free States, should induce every generous southerner to abstain from any attempt to enforce this provision, to forego any and all claims he might legally institute under it.

Were this provision one of mere policy, the free States should submit, though it might work their serious detriment. Did it impose a duty, of *doubtful* character, as it regards morality, it might be urged with force, that the palpable evils of disobedience, should overcome our scruples, and enforce submission. But, the provision is one of notorious, abominable injustice. It is in direct, undisguised conflict with the law of God. No man can obey it, without *knowing* that he is doing a wrong, a foul wrong against humanity. No State can yield acquiescence, without *knowing* that it is outraging the first principles of the Declaration of Independence, and arraying itself in open rebellion against the builder and destroyer of empires. So that no room is left for hesitation. The provision ought to be repealed by common consent, or by common consent disregarded.

This provision, besides requiring the free States to do a nefarious deed, has generated among us hordes of those miserable, rotten-hearted creatures, than whom there exists no gang of villains so vile and monstrous, this side of the Thugs of India. Other atrocious crimes are provoked generally by excess of passion—but kidnapping, seizing men, and women, and children, for the sake of returning them to a brutal bondage, can plead no hot impulse or rash passion, in palliation. It is naked, cold-blooded devilishness, practised for the sake of sordid pelf, and for which, must be reserved the lowest place in nethermost hell.

While on business in Brown county, lately, the following story was told me:

A poor slave had succeeded in eluding all his pursuers, and crossing the Ohio river, just below Ripley. Weary, starving, friendless, with a trembling heart, he approached a cabin, near Strait creek. The owner welcomed him with apparent cordiality. The slave told him the story of his sufferings, and besought his hospitality. A table was spread for him, but, while partaking of its bounties, the treacherous landlord threw a rope over his head from behind, tied him fast, put him on board the first boat for Cincinnati, brought him to Covington, gave him up to his master, and of course was rewarded for his perfidy. This man was guilty of kidnapping, even under the statutes of Ohio, for he resorted to no legal process; and yet he remains undisturbed. How is it possible for the abolitionists of Ripley to suffer such a wretch to go at large? And such cases are by no means uncommon. The reader will recollect the outrage detailed in our last paper by Mr. Morris. The actors in that black transaction, are yet undiscovered, but the people of Clermont are deeply excited on the subject. This is as it should be. Never should they rest till they have brought the criminals to justice.

A few months since, a farmer, near Sharon, while giving a friendly lift to some nine or ten persons from Kentucky, who had made up their minds that liberty was to be gained at all hazards, was set upon by a gang of ruffians, near Palmyra. They succeeded in seizing the poor creatures, except one who made his escape; and without law, these uncommissioned slave catchers bore their victims across the river, where they held them till their masters called for them. These negro hunters have been indicted; and we hope the severest penalties of the law may be inflicted on them. If so, it will be a singular visitation of justice; for although our laws are severe against kidnapping, and although this practice is now, and has long been, not at all uncommon, we know not of a single case in which conviction and punishment have taken place under them. And here we would remark, that upon abolitionists devolves the duty of seeing these laws enforced. In no way can they more effectually advance the interests of the colored race, and push forward the anti-slavery cause. Hitherto they have been exceedingly lax in this particular. But, they must arouse themselves, and engage in this work, though it may subject them to much inconvenience and peril. Never, before, were kidnappers so audacious. Let them be marked. Show them no quarter. The pirate who would take up an escaping slave, would do any other rascally deed; and the magistrate who, now that it is well understood he is not bound to act, would decide on the claim of a slaveholder, and surrender to him his slave, would sell his Saviour for less than thirty pieces of silver. Such, we presume, was the impression under which Judge Fishback, president judge of the court of common pleas in Clermont county, lately acted, in refusing, indignantly, as we learn, to take cognizance of a slave case brought before him.

A most interesting case recently occurred in Licking county. A slave was arrested under the black act of Ohio, and thrown into prison. A writ of habeas corpus was issued, and the man brought before Judge Bancroft, of Granville. The excitement had drawn together a large multitude. Judge Bancroft discharged the man, on the ground that the act under which he was arrested was null and void, by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States; and he was then immediately mounted on a horse, and sent on his way to Canada.

The rapidly-increasing repugnance to fulfil the odious clause of the Constitution already referred to.

From the Oswego Palladium.

PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

Our own opinion, on this matter, is too well known, to need repetition, and we rejoice at the evidences which we daily discover, of the progress of correct views, on this important subject. The legislature of Vermont has taken up the matter, and led the way, in blotting from her statute books, her laws for taking human life; and if we may judge from the signs of the times, her good example will soon be followed by other States. In commenting upon the action of the Vermont legislature, the Hartford (Ct.) Times remarks as follows:

"We rejoice that one State in the Union, has at last met this question as becomes a civilized poeple. More heartily should we have rejoiced, had the legislature of our own State set the example, by abolishing the law of legal murders, at its last regular session. We should have been proud of the act, had Connecticut been the *first* State to abolish a practice which will be looked upon, twenty years hence, as barbarous and cruel, as we now consider the late custom of cropping ears, branding foreheads, whipping upon the bare back, placing in the stocks, &c. Yes, we venture to predict, that, in ten years, the practice of hanging will be looked upon with far greater horror, and as vastly more barbarous, than the cropping, and whipping custom ever was. It is a barbarous, and antichristian practice.

"It should be abolished for these three reasons, if for no other.

"1st. It is no benefit to the criminal—though another system may be.

2d. "It does not protect communities from murders. Under it the public are not so safe, as if protected a by law more sure in its punishment, and consequently more terrible to the evil doer.

"3d. It engenders a hardened feeling—accustoms men to murder. Murder committed so frequently, in accordance to law, does away, in a measure, with that instinctive feeling of intense dread at the awful crime, which would exist, were not men "in authority" so ready to take life.

"Vermont must have the credit of first acting effectually upon this subject, and if the new system does not work well there, it will be an argument for those who contend so strenuously, that, to punish a murderer, another murder shall be committed. But we are confident, that the abolishment of capital punishment in Vermont, will prove a good thing for the safety and morals of her citizens. We believe Connecticut must soon follow the noble example; for public opinion has already pretty effectually killed our law of legal murder; and a law that cannot be enforced, ought not to stand long, though it may be suffered to remain awhile on the strength of the false notion, that the people are not yet prepared for its repeal."

From T. F. Randolph's Memoir and Correspondence of Jefferson, page 268.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S LETTER TO DR. PRICE.

PARIS, August 7th, 1785.

SIR,—Your favor of July 2d came duly to hand. The concern you therein express as to the effect of your pamphlet in America, induces me to trouble you with some observations on that subject.

From my acquaintance with that country, I think I am able to judge, with some degree of certainty, of the manner in which it will have been received. Southward of the Chesapeake, it will find but few readers concurring with it in sentiment, on the subject of slavery. From the mouth to the head of the Chesapeake, the bulk of the people will approve it in theory, and it will find a respectable minority ready to adopt it in practise; a minority, which, for weight and worth of character, preponderates against the greater number, who have not the courage to divest their families of a property, *which, however, keeps their consciences unquiet.* Northward of the Chesapeake, you may find here and there an opponent to your doctrine, *as you may find here and there a robber and murderer;* but in no greater number. In that part of America, there being but few slaves, they can easily disencumber themselves of them; and emancipation is put into such a train, that in a few years there will be no slaves northward of Maryland. In Maryland, I do not find such a disposition to begin the redress of this enormity, as in Virginia. This is the next State to which we may turn our eyes for *the interesting spectacle of justice in conflict with avarice and oppression:* a conflict wherein the sacred side is gaining daily recruits, from the influx into office of young men grown and growing up. These have sucked in the principles of liberty, as it were, with their mothers' milk; and it is to them I look with anxiety to turn the fate of this question. Be not, therefore, discouraged. What you have written will do a great deal of good: and could you still trouble yourself with our welfare, no man is more able to give aid to the laboring side. The college of William and Mary, in Williamsburg, since the re-modelling of its plan, is the place where are collected together all the young men of Virginia, under preparation for public life. They are there under the direction (most of them) of a Mr. Wythe, one of the most virtuous of characters, and whose sentiments on the subject of slavery are unequivocal. I am satisfied, if you could resolve to address an exhortation to those young men, with all that eloquence of which you are master, that its influence on the future decision of this important question would be great, perhaps decisive. Thus you see, that, so far from thinking you have cause to repent what you have done, I wish you to do more, and wish it on an assurance of its effect. The information I have received from America, of the reception of your pamphlet in the different States, agrees with the expectations I had formed.

Our country is getting into a ferment against yours, or rather has caught it from yours. God knows how this will end; but assuredly in one extreme or the other. There can be no medium between those who have loved so much. I think the decision is in your power as yet, but will not be so long.

I pray you to be assured of the sincerity of the esteem and respect, with which I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient, &c.

T. JEFFERSON.

A LETTER FROM MR. ADAMS.

QUINCY, November 18, 1842.

To the Editors of the Boston Atlas:

SIRS,—In the address to my constituents of the twelfth congressional district of Massachusetts, at Braintree, on the 17th of September last, when commenting on the result of that compromise in the Constitution of the United States, whereby the House of Representatives is composed of two classes of members, those north of Mason and Dixon's line, representing only *persons*, and those south of that line, representing *persons, property, and slavery*—the property consisting of twelve hundred millions of dollars in human beings—I stated the enormous disproportion of all the offices of power and trust, under the government of the Union, held by the citizens of the southern, or slaveholding section of the Union; and in the specific enumeration of individuals, I included the present commander-in-chief of the army, though without naming him. I have since received a communication from General Scott himself, informing me that he is not a slaveholder, and I very cheerfully correct the statement in my address, so far as respects him.

My statement was made, not with the intention of casting reproach on any one, but for the purpose of inviting the attention of my constituents, and of all the people of the free States of this Union, to the extreme injustice suffered by them in the distribution of the *power* of the common government, by the silent operation of that provision of the Constitution, which gives to the South, in the popular representative assembly of the nation, a representation of *property*, which it denies to the North—an inequality humiliating enough in itself, but aggravated tenfold by the nature of the property represented.

To this view of the subject, it is altogether immaterial whether the individual public officers invested with the power of the nation, are or are not themselves slaveholders. As citizens of slaveholding States, they will, of course, in all cases affecting, directly or indirectly the peculiar institutions, sympathize with the policy of the States from which they come.

We have seen the operation of that policy in the Senate of the United States very recently, upon the nomination of citizens of free States to the offices of secretary of State, of postmaster general, and of minister to Great Britain. We have especially seen this last officer barely escaping proscription as an *abolitionist*, by the combined opposition of southern slavery and northern democracy; and we have seen formal promise from the present postmaster general, that no *abolitionist* shall ever be appointed deputy postmaster under him. If the free people of this Union will please to consider Edward Everett as the test standard of abolitionists to be excluded from all participation in the public offices of the Union, they will perceive the extent of southern pretension to an exclusive monopoly of all *official* power in the government of the United States.

It is not improbable that there are other officers besides General Scott, in the list enumerated by me, who, though coming from slaveholding States, are not themselves owners of slaves. But the list enumerated by me included only the highest offices in every department of the confederated government. It might have been extended into the minutest ramifications of power, with a corresponding general result.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The editors of the public journals who have republished from the Atlas my address to my constituents of 17th September last, will perform an act of justice to General Scott, and confer a favor upon me, by republishing, also, this letter.

Communications.

FROM OUR UTICA CORRESPONDENT.

DECEMBER 8, 1842.

My last communication contained this remark: "I know of no place where anti-slavery, or any other subject, can be discussed with greater latitude, or freedom, than here." But it appears I gave Utica too much credit for liberality. The developments of hatred to an *application* of truth, which has been exhibited during the present week, have given painful evidences of a wide departure from Christian principle, political honesty, and genuine patriotism.

Previous to the day of the convention, the note of preparation was sounded from the "Whig Daily." Wendell Phillips, for an honest and fearless expression of his convictions, was held up as entitled to special attention. The breaking up of the Syracuse convention, also, was made the subject of a very amiable mobocratic paragraph.

When the convention had assembled, and commenced its deliberation, it received the marked notice of the "fathers" of the Daily, from the venerable writer of paragraphs, who "came to be amused," to the interesting youth who "writes to ridicule." The whig press became the medium, through which their well-timed, dignified, and candid statements and appeals were uttered to the friends of *order and free discussion.*

The convention, from its commencement, entered upon its labors with a vigor and decision rarely witnessed at any of the numerous conventions, which I have had the pleasure of attending. Each session was one of great interest. The first day and evening passed off, without any special manifestations from the conservatives of the peace and good order of the city. I speak now of the duly-authorized-by-general-consent conservatives; not of those who, in the convention, and as members of it, were artfully pandering to that spirit, which laid a Lovejoy in the dust, and made a ruin of Pennsylvania Hall. These were at work in their "appropriate spheres," with consummate tact and address.

The second day, the sessions opened in a very spirited manner. The resolution introduced by the business committee, were of a high, practicable bearing, and in the convention, at least, became *the* crucible. The constitutional question, deeply exciting as it is, lost a large degree of its interest, when the church question was introduced. Instead of meeting the arguments of our friends, "non-resistance," "no-government," and personalities, became the order of the day, among our clerical brethren.

The morning "Daily" contained another conservative article, from our "amused" and venerable friend, which W. L. Garrison read to the convention; commenting, with great severity, upon its mob-exciting tendencies, and its deep hypocrisy. This drew forth its author, with a disclaimer of any evil design; the article being written at the suggestion of an "estimable friend." I should be sorry to attribute as much ignorance to the writer as he claims. In this instance, he had been made the tool of his "estimable friend." The mask was effectually removed from both. To them may be attributed a large share of the disturbance which the convention experienced.

The evening session was one of great excitement. The success of the preparatory measures, which had been taken to produce disturbance, became obvious. The occasion, only, was wanted; and it was seized hold of in a remark of S. S. Foster. He observed, that by *our own laws* against the slave trade, we had declared ourselves a piratical nation. In view of that law, our own President was a pirate; for who could see any material difference in the slave-trade, whether it was prosecuted in Virginia, or Africa? by John Tyler, or any other man? This was too much for our patriotic countrymen. A man by the name of Hardy, from Ithaca, interrupted the speaker, to pronounce the charge a "lie"; and for some length of time, it became impossible to proceed with the business of the meeting.

The forenoon of the third day was occupied with discussion on the constitution of the State society, and with a protracted effort to defeat the organization of the society; but the friends of the measure refused to adjourn, until the object for which they had assembled was accomplished.

The afternoon session was occupied principally by Abby Kelley, in presenting the claims of the cause. Some one hundred and sixty or seventy dollars were raised; our liberty party friends liberally presenting their donations. Here permit me to remark, this convention is under great obligations to our liberty party brethren. They presented themselves at the convention as spectators; but when the battle waxed warm, they remained no longer spectators, but became participators in the conflict, fearlessly and unhesitatingly. Upon the first assault, they rallied upon the side of truth, justice, and freedom. These remarks apply especially to Alvan Stewart and David Plumb; but all our brethren of the liberty party stood fearlessly by us.

The evening session of the last day answered the expectations of the reverend gentleman, and his coadjutors of the press. Their object, they said, was to allay excitement; and the means used, were "amusing" misrepresentations, and low "ridicule;" each in his appropriate sphere. The meeting throughout, was very tumultuous. It would probably have broken up in great confusion, had not the responsibility been cast upon the mayor, in a manner that precluded escape.

On the next (Friday) evening, S. S. Foster attempted to lecture at the court-house. The mobocracy was again in the ascendant. The mayor was again present, but used no efficient means to preserve peace. Abby Kelley withdrew her appointment for Saturday evening.

S. S. Foster, on Sunday, lectured twice at the court-house, and in the evening at the Wesleyan Methodist chapel, unmolested, to crowded houses, on "the Christianity of the age." On Wednesday evening, he lectured again at the court-house, on the "duties and responsibilities of the laboring men."

The result of the convention we cannot tell; but I rejoice that it was held here. The opposition which it encountered proves satisfactorily, to my mind, that it was the very thing we wanted. In fact, it is so understood by a large number of our citizens. A gentleman, of no small note among us, remarked to me to-day, (and it's the first word I ever heard from his lips upon the subject,) "The language of the convention appeared severe, because it was true." If *true*, then it will accomplish that whereunto it is sent. R.

CONNECTICUT CONVENTION.

We had a very spirited convention in Connecticut. It was one of the largest anti-slavery gatherings ever witnessed in the State. The spacious church in Hampton, was well filled during the first day of the meeting, [illegible] and on Sabbath day, the concourse was much larger than the first. Many persons were obliged to stand in the aisles, for want of seats. The inherent sinfulness of slavery, the support given to it by the North, generally, and particularly by the northern churches and political parties, and the policy of forming a distinct party in politics for the promotion of the anti-slavery cause, were prominent topics for consideration. The discussions were conducted in a very able and interesting manner, by Collins, Hudson, Ashley, Coe, Codding, Sharpe, Barnes, and May; and it is believed will be productive of good to the cause of emancipation.

Phillips, Remond, and Douglas were not present. They undoubtedly had good and sufficient reason for absence; but of one thing I warn them beforehand. ☞ We are to have a general gathering of the tried and faithful, somewhere near the centre of the State, on the 14th and 15th of February, at which they *must* be present. We think we have a right to expect comfort and assistance from them at that time. WILL THEY COME?

I ought not to omit mentioning here, that the people of Hampton, with a praiseworthy liberality, almost without exception, opened their houses for the reception of the delegates present at the convention. I believe God will bless them for their kindness.

I cannot close, without expressing my admiration for the unabating zeal, perseverance, and spirit of self-sacrifice, that were exhibited by our general agent, while he was with us. Although suffering much from weakness and pain, in consequence of his recent illness, he was most laboriously engaged through all the sessions of the convention; seeming entirely to have forgotten his own ease and personal welfare, in his eager desire for the promotion of our cause.

JAMES MONROE.

THE SAN ANTONIO PRISONERS.

The New Orleans Bee, of the 25th ult. contains an article in relation to the Americans recently made prisoners by the Mexicans at San Antonio, which ought not to pass without animadversion.

It appears, that among the prisoners captured by the Mexicans, at that place, were four Americans, who were attached to the Santa Fé expedition. One was a Mr. Van Ness; who, according to the Bee, had gone to that place to look after the affairs of a deceased brother. Orders were at first issued, that these four prisoners should be shot; but by the interference of Mr. Tornell, Mexican minister of war, their punishment was commuted to ten years' imprisonment in the castle of Perote.

The Bee does not say, that Van Ness and the other American prisoners were not in arms; and it is therefore to be presumed, that they participated in the military movements of the Texans on that occasion; whatever may have been their object in *going* thither. And as it gives no reason why the *other* three Americans were there, it is fair to infer that they had no excuse at all, and were there solely to aid the Texans against Mexico. Be this, however, as it may, those Americans, including Van Ness, had been liberated from their former capture, *on the express condition that they were never to set foot in Texas again;* and it is not therefore necessary to show, that they were engaged in hostilities. Mexico had a right to punish them for a breach of their agreement, if she found them in Texas at all; and most especially, if she found them in arms against her.

Now the Bee, disregarding all these circumstances, speaks as if they were citizens of the United States, under ordinary circumstances, travelling for mere business, or pleasure; and asks if such citizens can be rightfully molested by the Mexican soldiery. This is exceedingly disingenuous. It is a one-sided view of the case, and deserves reprobation, as being calculated to excite the public mind unjustly against Mexico. But it is of a piece with the unjust treatment which Mexico is continually receiving at our hands; and it is high time that such injustice received the castigation that it so richly merits.

The Bee also attempts to talk very learnedly of international law. It lays down the rules for Mexico to observe, in her hostilities against Texas. Mexico will no doubt obey the Bee—if she thinks proper. The Bee, however, is quite original in its explication of this law. It seems to think that two nations must keep fighting all the time, to constitute a state of warfare between them. It says, the American operations against Texas are not sufficiently systematic and regular, to come up to the modern rule of war. Where did the Bee learn all this? Perhaps it will condescend to enlighten the world still more on these matters, and state just how *often* battles must be fought, how *many* must be killed and wounded, and so on, to constitute war. Had you any idea till now, that Mexico and Texas had for years past been at peace? and that the recent Mexican expedition to Texas was only a kind of military pastime; or, as the Bee denominates it, a *foray!* Truly, the Bee is very original; very.

The Bee likewise talks of the long acquiescence of Mexico in the independence of Texas. Indeed! Well, this *is* news! I have always understood, that to *acquiesce* in the independence of a country, was to *acknowledge* it. The Bee is as original in its use of terms, as in its explications of international law. But however this may be, and however quiescent Mexico may have been, the Bee seems to forget the war that has been kept up by Texas against Mexico; the Santa Fé expedition, and the like.

This same Bee finally comes to the conclusion, that our government ought not to consider Mexico entitled to the character or rights of a belligerent, in the case of Texas; but that we should require the release of those four Americans. For one, I am of quite a different opinion. I think our government could find much better employment, than claiming these twice-captured outlaws. It was quite poor business enough, for this same government to require their liberation the *first time;* and for Mr. Tyler to say, in his late message, that they were on *that* occasion wrongfully held in captivity by Mexico. As to meddling the *second* time, it would no doubt be found to be carrying the joke too far, should that be attempted. Mexico has rights, in common with all nations; and if we attempt to trample them down, we may find certain other nations looking into the matter. It would be well, therefore, that we have a care not to trespass *much* further, either on Mexican rights, or the law of nations.

AN OBSERVER.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. LXVI.

Poor Amy.

About the year 1806, a Frenchman resided in Spring Garden, Philadelphia, by the name of ——Bouilla, who had a small mulatto girl named Amy, about nine years old. He was not married, but he lived with a woman as his wife. Bouilla and his mistress treated the child with great cruelty. I was repeatedly called upon by the neighbors, who were much grieved at the hard usage which the little creature was obliged to endure. At length, I was informed that she was about to be sent into the country. Apprehending she would be disposed of to some person who might make a slave of her, I called to see Bouilla, and made some inquiry as to where the child was to go. He was blind; and upon knocking at their door, the woman opened it, and stood before me, as though she wished to prevent my entering the house. Upon my making known my errand, she called to Bouilla, who stepped up beside her, and they conversed together, perhaps half a minute, in French, when the door was unceremoniously slammed, and locked. Being very averse to adopting coercive measures, I returned home, and addressed a civil note to him, explaining the object of my visit, and asking permission to have a friendly interview. I sent a lad with it, and directed him to wait for an answer. Bouilla and his woman could speak English; she told the lad to tell me to mind my own business; that they wanted nothing to say to me. I concluded to take their advice; and believing it to be my *business* to take the child from them, I made application to John Hunter, a magistrate, procured a warrant, and taking an officer with me, proceeded to Bouilla's. On the way, we called upon Thomas Harrison, who accompanied us. Upon arriving at the house, and knocking at the door, it was opened, and we walked in. Bouilla and the woman were in the parlor, but as soon as they were informed of our object in coming, he ran up stairs. After some time spent in parleying with the woman, the officer attempted to go up to execute his warrant; but seeing Bouilla at the head of the stairs, with a gun in his hand, he suddenly retreated, and refused to make another attempt to arrest him. Being urged to take him, he positively refused; saying he was under no obligation to risk his life. We explained the nature of the business, and entreated the man to come down; but he refused, and declared he would shoot the first person that attempted to come to him. After some time, I took off my shoes, and as quick and as softly as I could, I stepped up stairs, laid hold of the gun, and held it over my shoulder. In an instant it discharged. The load struck the plastering of the stairway behind me, and made it fly in all directions; and there arose a loud cry, "Mr. Hopper is killed! Mr. Hopper is killed!" But I was not; as this present writing showeth.

The Frenchman was at last arrested, and we all went to the magistrate's, accompanied by several of the neighbors. It was there made apparent that the child had been severely whipped, frequently shut up for twenty-four hours, without any kind of nourishment, and made to stand, hours at a time, on her bare knees, on a brick. The skin on her little knees was extremely thick and hard. The case being fully investigated, the magistrate ordered the child to be given up, and placed under my care. I took her home with me. She was a poor, emaciated object; her very appearance was enough to excite sympathy.

I hastened to my family as soon as possible, lest the report, that I had been shot, should reach them first. My wife often said she expected to see me brought home dead some day. The next day, Bouilla and his woman applied to Matthew Lawler, mayor, and complained of me for taking the child from them. He sent for me. I waited upon him accordingly. He heard their statement, and then called upon me to answer. I objected to his going into the case, and informed him that in the first place, the matter complained of had taken place out of his jurisdiction; Spring Garden not being within the limits of the city; but even if it had not, the magistrate who had already passed upon the case had power concurrent with his own, and of course was as competent to decide upon it as he was. He said he thought he was bound to hear it. I replied, in that case the party dissatisfied with his decision might apply to another magistrate, and so on without end; that I thought the case was too plain to admit of a doubt. After some hesitation, he gave the matter up, and I returned home. I kept the child at my house several days, until I heard of a friend in the country, who wanted a person of her description. I bound her, till she should be eighteen years old, to Thomas Fletcher, of Abington.

I finally ascertained that Amy was the daughter of the woman kept by Bouilla, and her father was a black man. Her mother was a handsome person, and from her appearance and conversation, it would seem that she had been respectably educated.

Amy was a very pretty girl, and served her time out to the satisfaction of the family where she was bound. After she was free, she went to Philadelphia and continued to conduct extremely well. She frequently called to see me, and often expressed her gratitude for the part I had taken in her behalf.

A REQUEST.

The citizens of Unionville, and vicinity, respectfully request that Abby Kelley should visit them, and address the anti-slavery society, as there is a great work to do throughout the county.

HIRAM RIGG.

Columbiana county, O. 11th mo. 20, 1842.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 22, 1842.

THE TARIFF, IN CONNECTION WITH SLAVERY.

I now propose to show how the slaveholders have shirked their just share of the public burdens, by artful arrangements of the tariff. It is necessary to premise the fact, now known to many of our northern citizens, but not to all, that slaves are allowed almost nothing for food, clothing, household stuff, or habitation, which pays any *tax*. Their huts are constructed of logs and clay, without nails, iron hinge, or latch. Their bed and bedding are the ground, or a board, or bench, and one blanket. I would not, however, affirm that they all have blankets, or any of them at all times. Their huts have no floors. They have no tables, chairs, andirons, shovel, or tongs; no tin, glass, crockery, earthen ware, windows, knives and forks, or spoons; in short, no domestic utensil, of any kind, except an iron pot. When the weather is cold, they gather fuel in the evening, make up a large fire, and then dispose themselves around it for the night. They lie with their feet towards the blaze, or squat close to the coals and ashes; shifting sides as often as they wake and find the exterior side getting cold. A slave has showed me a multitude of small, round scars on his legs, where he was blistered by pressing too near the fire, and falling asleep. Mr. Dickens remarks that a respectable and humane slaveholder of Richmond, Virginia, in showing his plantation, in the neighborhood of that city, and among other things, "the quarter," as that part in which the slaves live is called, did not invite him [Mr. Dickens] to *enter* any of their huts. To those who are acquainted with the utter misery and destitution which those wretched hovels exhibit, this is not surprising. It was judicious to conceal from a literary Englishman the forlornness and filth of democratic slave habitations; since the masters rely so much upon the hardy assertion that those habitations are far better than the dwellings of the laborers and operatives of Great Britain. As to food, the slaves have their peck of corn per week, with a few spoonfuls of salt; though their masters, from carelessness or economy, frequently leave them for considerable periods without this small comfort. I speak of the *planting*, not of the *farming* slave States. I am aware that in the latter the slaves are somewhat better provided for. They are allowed some meat, or salt alewives. In the planting States, too, they are occasionally served with rations of meat, if they happen to have a very kind master; and probably there are few slaves who do not have a taste of this luxury at Christmas. But these cases are exceptions, and do not invalidate the proposition that the *general* allowance is a peck of corn per week, a little salt, and nothing more. For clothing, they have the blanket before mentioned, which is renewed once in three or four years, and serves both for overcoat and bedding. They have two suits of clothes a year: one of cotton, for summer; the other of cotton and wool, for winter. These cloths, for coarseness, will compare with cotton bagging; and they are not much more expensive. They cost from ten to twenty-five cents a yard.

Now, what is there here, upon which the American democratic enslaver of men pays a *tax* towards the expenses of the army and navy, which are chiefly employed in *his* service? or towards the expenses of the government, of which *he* monopolizes the control and the advantage, if there be any? Upon the iron pot, he pays a duty of one and a half cents per pound. It may weigh ten pounds. The tax will be a shilling, and the vessel will last for generations. So much for household goods. He pays eight cents a bushel on salt; formerly it was ten, but it was reduced by the late act, to eight. The slave gets perhaps half a peck a year; though there *are* masters who allow none at all. The blanket costs about fifty cents; and varies in dimensions, from five feet by three and a half, to six feet by four. The average duty upon it will be seven and a half cents; and as it serves for three or four years, the tax cannot be estimated at more than two cents a year. Here it is necessary to show a specimen of the iniquities enacted by law, for the purpose of exempting the slaveholders from taxation. By former tariff acts, negro blankets were charged with a duty of only *five* per cent. while all other blankets paid *twenty-five* per cent. It is as well known to the men who settle the rates of the tariff, that those narrow, coarse, and cheap blankets, costing seventy-five cents, and under, are for *slaves*, as it is that cotton is the produce of their labor. It is equally well known, that the blankets used by freemen, yea, even by free paupers, are five to five feet and a half wide, and cost from one to two dollars. I take the lowest price, one dollar. The tax will be *twenty-five cents*; while that on a slave's, or rather a slaveholder's blanket, has been, until the late act, *two and a half cents*. At present, it is seven and a half; while other blankets are taxed as formerly. A like iniquity was practised in respect to the duty on woollen cloths. Those for the consumption of *slaves* were admitted at a duty of *five per cent.*; while other woollens paid *fifty per cent.* or ten times as much. Here, again, let it be observed, that the distinction between these slave cloths, commonly called "negro cloths," and other woollens, is as familiar to those who adjust our tariff acts, as that between cotton and wool. The former are described in those acts, as cloths, "the value of which does not exceed thirty-three" or "thirty-five cents per yard." By the late act, and by another act passed at the extra session, 1841, the duties on woollen cloths are equalized. Still, if we look narrowly, we shall find that this subtle, slaveholding selfishness, was not idle in *those* acts.

Of late years, "negro cloths," both of cotton and wool, have been manufactured in the United States, extremely cheap, and of superior quality. It is long since the most judicious planters began to turn their attention to this new source of supply; and upon experiment, to give it as their opinion that the South would be a gainer by protective duties, if it were for nothing but the superior cheapness and durability of these domestic "negro cloths." But for a considerable portion of these cloths, (*i. e.* for winter wear,) *coarse wool* is required, as a component part. For summer clothing, tow cloths, and domestic cottons, are used. Of the latter, the South of course furnishes the material herself, and to no small extent manufactures it, in a household way. There is a small annual importation of tow cloths, which are used, to some extent, for shirts, gowns, and pantaloons, in the northern slave States; but the amount is too trifling to merit attention. The coarse wool is imported from South America, Turkey, Morocco, and other parts of Africa. Formerly, wool of *all* descriptions paid the *same tax*; but no sooner had this *coarse* wool become an article of importance to *slaveholders*, than the duty was stricken down one half, and soon entirely taken off. By the act of 1824, it was made *fifteen per cent.*; while all other wool was taxed *thirty*. By the act of 1832, coarse wool

was made *free*, while all other wool was subjected to a tax of *fifty per cent.* This has been, for the last two years, a subject of complaint, through petitions, and the press; not only on account of the palpable injustice of the discrimination, but also because a great deal of wool, of the finer sorts, was fraudulently introduced, under the denomination of wool not costing over eight cents per pound. By the late act, a duty of *five per cent.* was laid on wool not costing over seven cents; and upon other wool, a duty of *forty-five per cent.* I hear it is the opinion of dealers, that several grades of wool superior to that intended, will be introduced at the low duty.—*This is a matter of great importance to our northern farmers*; who at this time have scarcely anything which they can turn to money; and many of whom have the clips of one or two years on hand, because there is no market, except at ruinous prices. This is to save slaveholding capitalists from paying a fair and equal *tax* for laborers, to whom they pay no *wages*. It is to enable them to rob white freemen, as they rob black slaves. Even the present pitiful duty, (which in fact is merely nominal, compared with the general rates of the present tariff, ranging, for the most part, from twenty-five to forty per cent.) was not laid without compensation. By the same act, the duty on *salt* was reduced about five per cent. It will be recollected that Thomas H. Benton, the champion of Missouri slavery, and of Texan robbery, has labored for many years to obtain a repeal of the tax on salt. I cannot doubt he was moved by a like policy in all these cases; a policy bounded by Mason and Dixon's line on the east, and by the *Rio Bravo* on the west. Had he accomplished the repeal, the American democratic slavemonger would have been *wholly* exempt from taxation, for the subsistence of his slaves. And perhaps so curious a monster has some *claim* to "exclusive privileges."

Let us now see what will be the amount of the tax upon the quantity of coarse wool, wrought into a suit of clothes for an able-bodied *slave*. The warp is cotton, or tow, the filling wool. Of this, it will take, at most, half a pound to a yard; and for six yards, enough for a suit, three pounds; the duty upon which is about *one cent*. Now the tax upon the wool, necessary to manufacture a suit of clothes for a northern *laborer*, is, at the least calculation, fifty cents; a difference, in favor of slaveholding capitalists, of twenty-four to one. The Constitution, unwise and unjust as it undoubtedly is, in this respect, did not intend that this difference should be more than *five* to *three*; nor could it exceed this, if the revenue were raised by direct taxes. Perhaps the people of the North will one day begin to look into these *tax* bills, which are called *tariff* bills, and will learn that they now pay *pounds* as a tribute to slaveholding tyranny, when our fathers refused, with blood, to pay *pence* to a tyranny a thousand times more mild.

The facility with which the people submit to this robbery in disguise, makes me sometimes fear that our theory of popular government is but a pleasing dream.

D. L. C.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 45.

It is somewhat humbling to this self-sufficing and boastful age, that we still find ourselves completely ignorant of even the simplest laws by which spirit is united to matter. The more remarkable and unusual phenomena, arising from this divine union, terrified those of the olden time, and were straightway ascribed by them to the direct intervention of supernatural powers; for they wist not that in the natural there *always* exists the *super*-natural. Their blind superstition was a temptation to jugglery and deception; and after ages mixed up true phenomena with the trickish imitations, and buried them all under the snow-drift of scepticism. It were wiser to admit that unaccountable things do occur, and doubtless owe their origin to established laws of the universe, of which we are as yet ignorant. For, much as we boast of our advancement, it may be said of man in the nineteenth century, as it was by Plato, in ages long past: "He is like one shut up in a cavern, who sees shadows of things on the wall, but cannot perceive the objects themselves."

The story of the Persian Magus, who could read a scroll through a brazen shield, has for centuries been considered as improbable as the fables of men and women gradually turning into trees and animals; but it is now known, beyond all power of dispute, that moderns, under the influence of animal magnetism, perform the same exploit the Persian did, and others far more wonderful. These must be admitted as facts, because the proof is too strong to allow of rejecting them; and if they really do occur, they are unquestionably regulated by established laws of the universe, which seem to us miraculous, simply because we do not understand them, and are unaccustomed to such manifestations of them.

The action of souls upon each other, both while clothed in the flesh, and *not* so clothed, is a great mystery, lying much nearer the foundations of our life, than we imagine. We see one man place another in magnetic sleep, and simply *will* that he shall drink vinegar, or touch fire, and straightway the countenance and the muscles give indignation of the sour taste and the scorching sensation; he simply *wills* that a cow shall be lifted, and excessive fatigue follows, as if a cow had been really lifted. Here is certainly a most marvellous power of one soul over another; and thousands of intelligent persons have proved it, both as witnesses, and as subjects of the experiment. Did George Fox, and Madame Guyon, and Madame St. Amour, perform their wonderful cures of diseases by means of this concentrated will? Does the concentrated will, the intense desire of disembodied spirits, have a similar effect on our souls, producing presentiments, and dreams of startling significance? Has this power anything to do with the simultaneous invention of the same thing, in widely distant parts of the world? These are but passing thoughts, not deliberate conclusions. They were suggested to my mind by the following stories; the first of which I read in some Cyclopedia, years ago. As I remember it, it was thus: A man had puzzled himself to invent a machine to make shot. Time after time he tried, and repeatedly came very *near* accomplishing his object; but he was continually defeated by the impossibility of obtaining a perfect equilibrium of pressure. The shot would be oval, or elongated, or three-sided.—His mind grew more and more intent upon the object. In this state he fell asleep, and dreamed that he was walking in the open fields. Suddenly a quantity of black hail fell around him. He took up a handful, and lo, it was round, just like shot. He looked upward to see whence it came, and saw that it fell from a high tower. A man seemed to be throwing it down. "What are you doing there?" inquired the dreamer. "I am making shot," replied the unknown. "What are you pouring it down in that way for?" "Don't you perceive that nothing gives a perfectly equal pressure on all sides, except the air?" was the answer. The dreamer awoke, and invented the shot-tower. Had the intense abstraction of his spirit put him into magnetic connection with some other spirit, who understood mechanics better than he?

The other story, I have often heard repeated, but cannot vouch for its correctness. Mr. Slater, the famous manufacturer at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, was in his youth a common workman in an English manufactory. That was before the manufacture of cotton was introduced into the United States; and Great Britain had adopted a very jealous policy, in order to monopolize the manufacture herself. Whoever attempted to export any machinery, or plans of machinery, rendered himself liable to very heavy penalties. Mr. Slater was soon observed for his mechanical skill. Whenever any of the machinery was out of order, *he* was always called upon to repair, or reconstruct it. An accidental conversation one day turned his thoughts toward America, as a country of great manufacturing capabilities; and created in him an intense desire to emigrate. With this idea in his head, he noticed with particular care every part and portion of the machinery. He was afraid to make drawings, lest attention should be attracted toward him. When he thought he could carry the whole in his brain, he left the manufactory, saying that he preferred to devote himself to agriculture. His employer, though sorry to part with so skillful a hand, gave him letters of recommendation. He went into a distant part of the country, and let himself to a farmer. Here he made drawings in secret, and matured his favorite project. After the lapse of several months, he told his employer that he wished to emigrate to the United States, and would thank him for letters recommending him to the employ of some farmer.

He came here, and met with many discouragements; to establish manufactories, required capital; and capitalists were not much disposed to listen to the schemes of a nameless adventurer. At last, it happened that some wealthy gentleman in Pawtucket wanted a job done, which required great mechanical nicety; and some one said there was a young Englishman, by the name of Slater, at work in the neighborhood, who could do it, if anybody could. The job was finished to their great satisfaction, and led to further acquaintance. He talked of his favorite scheme, and of the wonderful capabilities of Pawtucket for manufacturing. By degrees, they imbibed a degree of his enthusiasm, and at last a company was formed for the purpose he desired. As they observed his progress in the machinery, from day to day, they had more confidence in his knowledge and skill. At last, it was all completed, and a day appointed to set it in motion. The day came, and not a wheel would move. The machinist was vexed, and mortified. He said he must have overlooked something, and would give them information as soon as he discovered the obstruction. All that night, he spent anxiously examining the long-projected machine; all the next day, and all the next night. Surely it was in perfect order; what *could* be the reason it would not move? The third night found him still watching over cogs and springs. At last, completely exhausted in mind and body, he lay down and wept. He fell asleep, and dreamed that he was still bending gloomily over the unlucky machine, when some one slapped him on the shoulder, and said with friendly heartiness, "Why, Slater! don't you know what is the matter? Friction is all it wants. Chalk the strap, man! chalk the strap!"

He sprang up, followed his directions, and in a few hours all was in successful motion. He died a few years ago, a wealthy manufacturer.

Did the weakness of his body, and the intense abstraction of his mind, put him in a state to be peculiarly sensitive to magnetic influence from some other mind? For all things that take place, there is doubtless a rational cause, if we did but know it. In that other world, we shall see with a larger vision.—L. M. C.

THE MASSACHUSETTS FAIR.

The Boston Fair, at AMORY, HALL, is one of the most splendid that has been got up in these days of splendid Fairs. It will be open during the five days before, and three days after, Christmas. Admittance, twenty-five cents during the two first days; and twelve and a half cents the remainder of the time. Season tickets, fifty cents.

There is a great variety of valuable paintings, and autographs, *very rare* old books, substantial clothing for charitable donations to the poor, and fancy articles of unmentionable variety, and indescribable beauty.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

A friend writes, that my remarks on this subject, last week, might give the impression that I supposed the views of the American Society did not coincide with my own, and that they might be disposed to endorse the ground taken by the Herald of Freedom on this subject. I did not *intend* to give any such impression; for, in truth, I suppose that very few *sustain* the position assumed by S. S. Foster and others. It has not been *condemned*; because individuals have a right to form their own opinions, and follow their own impressions of duty, being themselves responsible therefor; and, in addition to this conviction, the integrity, sincerity, and zeal of the persons concerned inspire affectionate respect in those who believe them entirely mistaken on the point in question.

PRISONERS AT SAN ANTONIO.

Read the just remarks of "An Observer" on this subject. All our news from Mexico comes through the corrupt channel of New Orleans; which stands to Texas in the relation of accomplice to thief. The northern press in general copy their perverted statements, and thus a corrupt popular opinion is formed, ever ready to do the foulest injustice to Mexico. It is the duty of citizens to keep themselves well-informed, and able to draw impartial conclusions. The local relation of Mexico to our southwestern border, the non-existence of negro slavery in her institutions, and her political position between us and great European powers, render her an object of peculiar interest. Her history is destined to have a very important bearing on our own, either for honor or dishonor. Thus far, we need a mantle to conceal our shame; so treacherous and hypocritical have been our dealings with her.

SOUTHERN CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

We have mentioned that the agent of the New World, in Charleston, S. C. was held to bail in the sum of $1,000 for having circulated copies of that paper, containing Dr. Channing's Lennox Address on British emancipation. The New World afterward copied Dickens's Notes on America; and the agent having had one practical illustration of the *freedom* of the press in that region, very prudently laid it before the committee of "the South Carolina Association," appointed to watch over the interests of the peculiar institution; and like a dutiful citizen, awaited their permission. A letter from Charleston gives information that some were disposed to suppress the provoking book; but gentlemen of their acquaintance said, "That will never do; people *will* read Dickens, and by trying to stop the circulation of these notes, you will only make the matter worse." So, gracious permission was given that the agent might sell to those who wished to buy. How true it always is, that he who *makes* a slave *is* a slave. The Boston constables, when they chained Latimer, were *themselves* obliged to be chained to him; a lesson very instructive to the North, and capable of most significant application.

AN OUTWARD VOICE TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Express malice takes in the case of deliberate duelling, where the parties meet avowedly with intent to *murder*; and therefore the law has justly fixed the crime of *murderer* on them, and on their seconds also.—*Blackstone.*

Will not BLOOD be found in their skirts, and required at their hands, who give their *suffrages* to elevate men of blood to places of power and influence?—*Dr. Humphrey.*

"Farewell, Henry. God be with thee, and *we* will."—*The delegation of Quakers, who wailed on Henry Clay, in Indiana.*

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

The author of that popular song, "The Old Oaken Bucket," has a right to an honorable niche in the memory of the heart; and such will be gratefully accorded him. He wrote much on various public occasions, such as our victories by land or sea. These pieces had many admirers at the time, but passed away, as all such local and temporary effusions must. But *everybody* has drank from his "Old Oaken Bucket," and blessed him for the draught. He died lately, in New-York, of a renewed attack of paralysis, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. He was a gentle, kind-hearted man, very much beloved and lamented by those who knew him well enough to appreciate his virtues and his gifts.

DR. CHANNING'S LENNOX ADDRESS.

This very valuable anti-slavery tract, the best Dr. Channing ever wrote, has been stereotyped, and is for sale at the anti-slavery, office 25 Cornhill, Boston, for the low price of $1 per hundred, and three cents single. Whoever wants to do something toward the overthrow of slavery, let them buy these and distribute them all over the land. It is a book admirably calculated to arrest the attention of every honest and intelligent mind.

JUNIOR ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—Will our young friends in Philadelphia excuse the delay in the appearance of their notice? The paper was mislaid by accident, and could not be found last week. We are very glad to hear of the series of meetings proposed in their notice, and have no doubt they will be productive of great good.

THE TARIFF.—The editorial on this subject is well worthy of being attentively read, by all who wish to understand "the hang of this government."

☞ The receipts are omitted this week and next, on account of the absence of the treasurer.

Anti-Slavery Items.

THE LATIMER CASE.—Messrs. Merrill and Ellis, Latimer's attornies, have notified the governor of Massachusetts, that in case a requisition for Latimer is received from the governor of Virginia, it is his wish to be heard, through his counsel, before a warrant should issue, to show that the whole proceeding was fraudulent, and groundless, and designed, under color of a criminal prosecution, to carry him back into unlawful bondage. By the latest dates, there was no official information on the subject.

The Lynchburg Virginian thus comments on the remarks of a northern paper on this subject:

"The New-York American, referring to the proposed meeting in Norfolk borough, in reference to the slave Latimer, lately rescued from his owner by the mob in Boston, remarks: 'The good people of Norfolk seem to think, because Virginia is disgraced by the existence of slavery, that the free State of Massachusetts, too, should rest under the same stigma.' This statement of the case is unfair and unjust. The people of Virginia 'think' no such thing. They only ask that Massachusetts shall comply with her constitutional obligations, by sending back to Virginia her absconding or stolen slaves, when reclaimed, in accordance with the provisions of that instrument. She agreed to the constitutional provision in reference to this subject, else the Union never would have been formed. She must adhere to it, or it cannot last. This alternative will, we hope, soon be presented to the non-slaveholding States, in the most solemn and imposing form—not in the spirit of a threat, but nevertheless with a firm resolution,—'come weal or wo,' to enforce the guarantees of the Constitution, or to tear it into fragments. To this complexion it must come at last, and the issue cannot too soon be made up."

To which the New-York American answers:

"If the statement by the American 'was unfair and unjust,' the Virginian is still more incorrect. Massachusetts never did agree 'to send back to Virginia her absconding or stolen slaves.' There was no such stipulation in the bond."

FREE NEGRO SAILORS.—Several free negro sailors, says the Franklin (La.) Banner, who have been brought to this port in contravention of law, are now confined in the jail of this parish, where they will be kept, at the expense of their captains, until the vessels to which they belong are ready to proceed to sea. It is the duty of the officers in charge of all ports of entry, or landings, in this State, to notify the nearest judge or justice of the peace of the arrival of every vessel or steamboat from any other State, having on board any free negroes, mulatto, or person of color.

☞ We thought there was in the Constitution of the United States some such provision as this: "The citizens of each State shall enjoy all the rights of citizens in every other State." If so, by what right are citizens of New-York and Massachusetts imprisoned in Louisiana and other States, for no offense but their color? "The constitutional guarantees" should be respected when they do *not* favor slavery, as well as when they *do*.—*New-York Tribune.*

OBERLIN INSTITUTE.—A bill to repeal the charter of this institution passed its third reading in the house of representatives of Ohio on the 8th inst. and was then laid on the table by a majority of *one vote*. Pupils of all *complexions* are admitted to this school, and popular prejudice is therefore arrayed against it.

DEMOCRACY, *for once*, vs. SLAVEHOLDERS.—The Ohio house of representatives, by a vote of 46 to 24, have passed a bill to repeal the law in relation to fugitive slaves. This law, as one of the democratic members stated, was passed at the instance of the State of Kentucky, in order to facilitate the recovery of fugitive slaves; "but now," added he, "since the people of that State have sent agents here to interfere in our domestic concerns, he thought it nothing but justice to let them take care of their own negroes, without calling for the aid of a party which had been treated in bad faith." The Ohio Statesman (democratic) echoes the above sentiments as follows:

"Ohio sends to the whig stump orators *greeting!*—We have no tears to shed on this result. When Kentucky sent over her commissioners, asking for legislative aid against the movements of the abolitionists, Ohio responded to this in good faith. But how was she treated in return? By sending over Kentuckians to denounce those who, in good faith, stood by them, and in promoting to power the very men who opposed their wishes on this subject. A Kentucky slaveholder and an Ohio abolitionist were arm in arm, in brotherly affection, in 1840, and 1842 also, marching through our State, abusing without measure men who stood by Kentucky, against the abolitionists. This conduct has convinced thousands that Kentucky was insincere."

SLAVES NOT PERSONS.—The "peculiar" nature of the *slave property* of the South, has received a new illustration. The Boonville (Mo.) Observer says, that at the last term of the circuit court held there, Judge Morrow presiding, a negro slave was brought into court, charged with having *forged an order* on one of the merchants of that place; and the indictment which had been found in the case, was quashed, on the ground that *a slave could not commit forgery*. The Observer adds, that the reasons which determined this decision were not very clearly stated; but his honor was understood to say, that by the Constitution and laws of the country, negroes, when slaves, are not recognized as *persons*, any more than any other animals.

Here we have a beautiful feature of southern criminal jurisprudence, shaped to conform to the interest of slaveholders. The slave is here judicially declared to be as incapable of civil crime as the brutish beast, who has not human reason. And why this immunity from legal requisitions for his offenses? It is that the interest of the slaveholder would be affected, were he to be incarcerated in the penitentiary, for those acts which in the free man are thus visited. His owner, and not the slave, would in such instances be the sufferer, under the relations of the "domestic institution;" and thus the decision.

True, if the slave commit murder, or other capital offense, he is adjudged to death; but, by an inevitable parity of reasoning, it is not that he has been guilty of a great crime that renders him morally unfit to live; but on the same ground that a beast, which has become vicious, and dangerous, is killed. The slave, if thus exempted, not being a "person," from the punishments of law for minor civil offenses, cannot be held amenable for any crime known to human laws; and when his life is taken as the penalty for any act by him done, it must, by this decision, be considered as simply an extirpation of a dangerous animal.—*Buffalo Com.*

VALUABLE "ANIMALS."—The following testimony in favor of "chattels," is furnished by the report of the city council, Charleston, S. C.:

"Alderman Inglesby submitted the following report, which was concurred in:

We have now six white engine companies, and one company of axemen—the engine companies averaging fifty men each. We have eleven companies of *blacks*, averaging ——— each; and we have the aid of two white companies on the Neck, *who have been always prompt* to give us their *valuable* services in time of need. This your committee think a force quite sufficient for any emergency. We ought to make a permanent arrangement to meet; and so believing, it would be unwise to accept an additional company, as it would be abstracting *just so much from the military*—a service *fully* as important. In the present financial condition of the city, it is indispensably necessary to have the strictest regard to economy. By a strict calculation, the city now pays, for each hour the companies are engaged at a fire, the sum of $168; that is to say, to *five* white companies, *sixteen* dollars each, equal to eighty-dollars; and to *eleven* black companies, *eighty-eight* dollars—making a total of one hundred and sixty-eight dollars; and this exclusive of rewards per hour. The black companies average about *eight* dollars per hour."

The only difference between the black and white companies is, we presume, that the *masters* lie in bed and receive pay for the slaves' labor at fires.

A FAITHFUL ABOLITIONIST.—Mrs. Hannah Trumbull, a blind widow, living in Waterville, Oneida county, 80 years of age, has, in the three past years, knit for the poor, homeless, fugitive slave, eight pairs of mittens, and eighty pairs of stockings, and had them sent to Hiram Wilson, in Upper Canada, to be distributed amongst her poor, friendless countrymen, who have fled to Canada.

ABOLITION GRAMMAR.—"*I am opposed to slavery*," although it has the *passive* form, it has the *neuter* signification.

"I *oppose* slavery," is quite another thing. This has the *active transitive* form, and *active* abolition meaning.

Note. Be careful of your neuter verbs.—*Emancipator.*

RHODE ISLAND.—True democracy has triumphed in Rhode Island. A constitution was lately submitted to the people of that State, granting the right of suffrage to the male inhabitants over twenty-one; but leaving a blank before male, to be filled with the word *white*, or not, as the people might choose, or not, to restrict suffrage to the white race. To the honor of Rhode Island, be it recorded, the people determined on carrying out the true, democratic principle, and refused to restrict the right of suffrage; thus securing to the colored and white this inestimable privilege. We regard this as a great triumph of anti-slavery principle.—*Philanthropist.*

Congress.

THE GAG RULE.—The resolution to rescind this, being laid on the table, cannot be called up again without a vote of two-thirds of the house.

Mr. Weller, of Ohio, who on the second day of the session, moved to lay J. Q. Adams's resolution on the table, is the same democratic member, who, last session, moved the resolution censuring J. R. Giddings. *Seventy-three* northern whigs, being the *whole number present*, voted *against* laying it upon the table. *Thirty-four* northern democrats voted in *favor* of laying it on the table, and only *thirteen against*. The vote gave a majority of eight against the odious rule. But Wise, of Virginia, in order to ward off the decision, till more slaveholding members should arrive, called for the yeas and nays on the question, "Shall the question *now* be put?" The object obviously was to carry the subject over from day to day, and thus give it the go by. On taking the yeas and nays, *eleven* of the thirteen democrats, who voted against laying the resolution on the table, went to succor Mr. Wise, and voted against taking the question *then*. The same game was played on succeeding days, until the slaveholding members arrived in sufficient force to sustain the Gag.

The President's Message was referred to appropriate committees without debate. The subject of remitting the fine imposed upon Gen. Jackson, was referred to the judiciary.

It was resolved almost unanimously that "*no spirituous liquors* shall be offered for sale, or exhibited within the Capitol, or on public grounds adjacent thereto;" and that "the restaurateurs be forthwith removed from the Capitol.

The standing committees are nearly the same as last session. Mr. Rives, of Va. takes place of Mr. Preston of S. C. on the senate committee of foreign relations.

Mr. Benton has attacked the bankrupt law with all force in the senate. He has likewise submitted the following:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to inform the senate whether the quintuple treaty for the suppression of the slave trade has been communicated to the government of the United States in any form whatever; and if so, by whom, for what purpose, and what answer may have been returned to such communication.

Also, to communicate to the senate all the information which may have been received by the government of the United States, going to show that the "course" *which the government might take in relation to said treaty has excited no small degree of attention and discussion in Europe.*

Also, to inform the senate how far the "warm animadversions" and the "great political excitement" which this treaty has caused in Europe, have any application or reference to these United States.

Also, to inform the senate what danger there was of having "the laws and the obligations" of the United States, in relation to the suppression of the slave trade, "executed by others," if we did not "remove the pretext and motive for violating our flag and executing our laws," by entering into the stipulations for the African squadron, and the remonstrating embassies which are contained in the 8th and 9th sections of the late British treaty.

The fate of the brankrupt bill may be conjectured from the fact that when Mr. Everett, of Vt. moved the suspension of the rules, to enable him to introduce his bill to repeal the brankrupt law, leave was granted by a vote of 137 to 63, *more than two thirds!*

The annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury thus exhibits the state of finances. Balance on hand in the treasury on the 1st January, 1842, (exclusive of the deposites with the States and trust funds,) $230,483-68; receipts for the first three quarters of the present year from customs, lands, treasury notes, (8,855,027 64,) loan, ($2,296,129 67,) &c. $26, 616,593 78; estimated receipts for the fourth quarter of the year from all sources, $7,886,000—making total estimated receipts for the year, and balance on hand 1st January last, $34,-733,077 46.

The *expenditures* for the three first quarters have been $26,264,882 20, and the estimated expenditure for the fourth is $8,238,278 15, to which add outstanding warrants issued prior to January 1st, 1842, $805,474 03—making *total expenditures* $35,308,634 38, and *leaving a deficit in the treasury* on the 31st December, 1842, of $575,556 92.

Married,

On the 14th instant, at the house of Richard Ware, in Philadelphia, by Friends' ceremony, S. BALDWIN CHAPMAN, of New-York, to VIRGINIA WARE, of Philadelphia.

In Dedham, on the 11th of December, by the Rev. John T. Sargent, of Boston, JOHN A. COLLINS, General Agent of the American A. S. Society, to EUNICE, daughter of JASEN MESSENGER, esq. of Dedham. A large party of abolitionists were present on the happy occasion.

Died,

In Rochester, on the 1st of 12th month, LYDIA MARIA, infant daughter of LEWIS and SARAH A. BURTIS; of measles, aged ten months and 24 days.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Mutiny on board a United States Ship.—The United States brig Somers, commander Slidell Mackenzie, arrived at New-York last Thursday, from St. Thomas. The vessel, returning from the coast of Africa, was going into St. Thomas for water and provisions. When within seven hundred miles of the island, one of the crew gave notice to commander Mackenzie that a mutiny was in progress, and soon after, a paper was discovered, in which the whole plan was detailed, signed by such a number of the crew as would have been able to carry out their plan by a surprise. The obligations they had entered into, were of the most desperate kind. They had sworn that they were not afraid of blood; that after the brig had been watered, and was prepared for a cruise, they would rise, take possession of her, and kill every officer except the surgeon, who might be necessary for them; that they would then proceed off the Hook of New-York harbor, and capture the homeward bound packets, which they expected would contain large sums of specie. Of the people on board the captured vessels, they swore that no one should be left to tell tales. Women passengers were to be divided among the pirates, and to be thrown into the sea, when their captors grew weary of them. After these horrible disclosures, a court-martial was held upon Spencer and those most prominently connected with him. It was determined that nothing short of the prompt execution of the ringleaders would ensure the safety of the ship. Spencer and two petty officers were thereupon ordered to be HUNG ON THE YARD ARM.

Spencer and his accomplices were kept three days in irons, with the hopes of being able to bring them into port, without danger. But the crew were so disorderly, and signs multiplied that the storm was still brewing. The emergency of the case seemed so pressing, that every officer on board considered immediate execution of the ringleaders absolutely necessary. One of them, Elisha Small, at once confessed his guilt, and asked most penitently the forgiveness of his commander and the officers, which was at once accorded to him. He then obtained permission to address the crew, which he did, warning them against permitting themselves ever to be seduced, as he had been, into the committal of the crime for which he was about to suffer death.

Spencer asked a respite of ten minutes for himself and companions in guilt, in order that they might prepare to die. This was granted, and he was asked if he wished to write to his father or mother; but he replied that he did not. He then acknowledged his guilt, and the justice of his punishment; and remarked, that he would rather meet such a death there, (at sea,) than to be subjected to the infamy of exposure on shore. The ten minutes asked for by Spencer, was extended to upwards of one hour; nearly the whole of which time was employed by him in endeavoring to obtain forgiveness of Small, for having seduced him into the committal of a crime for which he was so soon to expiate with his life. Small withheld his forgiveness for a length of time; but at last, in reply to Spencer's oft reiterated request of, "Do forgive me, Small," he said that he fully pardoned him.

About one o'clock, (sea time,) on the 1st December, the signal for execution was given by firing a gun to leeward, and the guilty men were run up. After hanging about an hour, the bodies were lowered down, and delivered to their several messmates, to be laid out and sewed up; and in the evening, they were committed to the deep, Captain Mackenzie *reading the service usual on the occasion of burials at sea.*

Midshipman Spencer was about nineteen or twenty years old; son of the Secretary of War.

Thirteen mutineers were brought to New-York in irons, and have been placed on board the North Carolina. The crime with which they are charged is treason against the United States, the punishment whereof is *death.*

California.—The report that General Thompson had concluded an arrangement with the Mexican government for the cession of Upper California to the United States, is believed to be without foundation.

It is rumored that the British government has despatched a strong naval squadron to that quarter, *with sealed orders*—supposed to have reference to California.

There is probably some *Texan scheme of villany* at the bottom of all this; but what it is, appears not yet.

Good Capital to set up Business.—Gen. Cass is understood to rely on his efforts *against* the suppression of the slave trade, as his political capital to make him President of the United States in 1844.—*Emancipator.*

De Stael.—A late Paris paper mentions the death of M. de Rocca, the son of Madame de Stael. He died at the age of thirty-six, in consequence of a disease of the brain. He was buried in the family tomb at Coppet, by the side of his mother and elder brother, M. de Stael. M. de Rocca has left no child, and therefore Madame de Stael, and consequently M. Necker, her father, have now no descendants, except the children of the Duke and Duchess de Broglie.

Killed by the Mob.—Charles Black, one of the sufferers in the last Philadelphia mob against the colored people, died last week, of the injuries he received at that time. He is said to have borne a good character, and to have rendered important services to his country, in the war of 1812.

The Protection of the Laws.—Wm. Freeman, colored man, convicted some time since of being concerned in the riots of August last, was sentenced to an imprisonment of two months. He was one of the marshals of the temperance procession which was broken up by the mob; and he was also proved to have exerted himself to the utmost to suppress the riot. Yet he was convicted!—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Merciful Verdict.—Mr. Alexander, the young southerner who stabbed Longee, at Philadelphia, has been declared guilty of *manslaughter*. If poor Colt had had as merciful a jury, New-York would not have been disgraced by such a scene of bloodthirstiness.

The Vandalia.—This United States sloop of war has lately returned from the coast of Africa, to New-York.

"The Vandalia cruised along the Cape de Verde islands, Sierre Leone, Monrovia, and all the coast to the equator; compelled the king of the Kroomen to restore to the American residents what his sable subjects pilfered; had his son, Prince William, on board for some days as hostage, for the due performance of his promise, which was literally fulfilled before the Vandalia left Cape Palmas. Capt. Ramsay also sent Lieutenant Lockhart with a detachment of marines and sailors, to punish the pirates south of Cape Palmas; and went himself to Berby, to *make the American flag respected by the savages* who reside on the coast of Guinea; but could effect no landing, owing to the strong current, and want of charts, &c. Lieut. Lockhert was absent twenty-seven days. It is pleasant to add, that all was accomplished without bloodshed."

Did mortal ever undertake a more hopeless job than that of making the American flag *respected* by savages on the coast of *Africa!!*

Human Sympathy.—The New Haven Herald relates, that as a runaway horse, dragging a wagon with a young lad in it, was suddenly brought up with a crash, in the streets of that town, but fortunately without injuring the boy, an old lady, in great agitation, followed in pursuit of the wagon. "Mother, mother," exclaimed her daughter, "where are you going? Don't get into the crowd; you can't do him any good." Seeing her agitation, a lady who happened to be passing at the moment, kindly inquired, "Is he your son?" "Oh, no," replied the good old matron; "*but he is somebody's son.*"

Temperance in Sweden.—A Frankfort (Germany) paper states, that in the domains of Sweden there no longer exists any distilleries of ardent spirits; and that a law has been made, which orders that the name of any one who is intoxicated shall be posted in great letters upon the door of the church; and that the minister shall pray for him, and recommend him to the prayers of the faithful.

Effect of Temperance.—Brooke county, in Virginia, has not a solitary tavern in it licensed to sell intoxicating drinks; and the county jail has not had, for a considerable period of time, any person in it, for any cause whatever.

Singular Accident.—One of the Croton water-pipes in Canal street, burst lately, tore up the ground and pavement for thirty feet, and nearly filled three cellars full of water. The noise was as loud as the explosion of a cannon.

Abolition of Capital Punishment.—The house of representatives of New Hampshire have declared, by a vote of 111 to 106, in favor of the total abolition of capital punishment.

Something of a Change.—Sixty years ago, a daughter of General Green, of Georgia, raised a few black seed cotton plants, in *bean-pots*, and for no other reason than that they were pretty flowers. Times have altered somewhat since then.

A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.—The very curious circumstance occurred recently at a village in Bucks county, Pa. of a gentleman by the name of Sheap, having been robbed of his clothing during the night, by a room companion, a pompous, self-important, dressy little fellow, calling himself Col. Wolf, who forced an undue share of civility upon him, during an hour or two's acquaintance. In the morning, Wolf was not to be found; but pursuit being made, he was soon overhauled, dressed entirely in Sheap's clothing.

Incredible Hardness of Heart.—We are informed—but the story seems almost incredible—that a child of eight years of age has been confined for the last six months in the jail at East Cambridge, for the crime of stealing twenty-five cents from a man in Lowell. What a commentary is this fact, if it is a fact, upon the even-handed justice of our laws, when we recollect the various bank swindlers who walk fearlessly our highways, "unwhipt of public justice."—*Boston Atlas.*

Rum's Doings.—Peter Axtel, a man of kind disposition, addicted occasionally to liquor, recently died at West Troy, under the following circumstances, according to the West Troy Advocate:

"He had been drinking to excess on Monday night, chiefly at the urgent request of several young men who brutally resolved to have a frolic with him. At about 8 o'clock, they threw two pails of water on him, and left him. The next morning he was found under a bank, senseless, and almost lifeless; his feet and hands frozen stiff. He lingered in great agony until Saturday, when he died.

Ingenious Invention.—A mechanician of a little town in Bohemia has constructed an automaton which imitates perfectly the human voice, particularly the soprano notes. It sings several difficult airs, with the greatest accuracy; shakes, runs, and chromatic scales are all executed with surprising precision. This automaton, in singing, even pronounces certain words so as to be easily understood. The inventor hopes to arrive at such a point of perfection as to bring his machine to pronounce all the words of the best operas.

Robbery and Attempted Murder.—Forcing a Confession.—A gentleman from Calvert county, Md. informs the editor of the Marlboro' Gazette that a free negro man went to the house of an elderly lady, in that county, in the absence of any male member of the family, some nights ago, and after violently beating the lady, robbed the house of about $500 in specie. He was apprehended a day or two after, and after having been *hanged up by the neck four or five times, until he was nearly dead*, was induced to confess his crime, and the whereabouts of the largest portion of the money. He had secreted it in different places. The lady did not recover until the next day, and was then unable to give any definite account of the matter.

NOTICES.

CONVENTIONS OF THE CENTRAL NEW-YORK, STATE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The executive committee of this society, has appointed meetings to be held in Vernon, Oneida county, on Tuesday and Wednesday the 27th and 28th, and at Rome on the 29th and 30th of the present month, (December.) At these meetings we expect to be favored with the presence of some of the most able advocates of freedom from abroad; and we most cordially invite *all* the *friends* of humanity to come up, and with warm hearts, and strong hands, *pledge* once more their undivided support to the cause of liberty. The present time is peculiarly favorable to the disseminating of anti-slavery sentiments, and let none be found loitering by the wayside.

ANDREW HANNA *Cor. Sec'y.*

Utica, Dec. 15th, 1842.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.

To the friends of the slave, in the counties of Oswego, Onondaga, and Cayuga, New-York.

The American Anti-Slavery Society has made arrangements to hold a series of anti-slavery conventions, in the towns and counties following, at the times and places specified in the annexed table; at which our faithful and devoted friends, J. N. T. Tucker, and Ezra C. Smith, have consented to be present. Other speakers will probably be in attendance.

Oswego County.

Fulton, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23 and 24.
Palermo, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 27 and 28.
Mexico, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30 and 31.
New Haven, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 3 and 4.
Colosse, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6 and 7.
Fort Brewerton, Tues. and Wednesday, Jan. 10 and 11.

Onondaga County.

Cicero, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13 and 14.
Clay, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 17 and 18.
Liverpool, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20 and 21.
Elbridge, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 24 and 25.
Jordon, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27 and 28.
Sennet, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 31 and Feb. 1.

The friends of the cause of human rights in the foregoing places and vicinity, are earnestly requested to have the notices of these meetings as widely circulated as possible, and to secure places for holding them. Let no pains be spared, on your part, to secure numerous gatherings. This is a most favorable season for prosecuting the anti-slavery movement. The farmers at this season of the year are at leisure. The people need light on this question, and they *must* have it. By your hearty co-operation with Messrs. Smith and Tucker, these places may be fully abolitionized. Let the deep affliction and bitter cries of the helpless victim reach your ears and hearts, that you may go and do as those "remembering a brother in bonds," or a sister in the chains of a terrible despotism.

☞ Friends of the slave! friends Tucker and Smith are cordially commended to your confidence, hospitality, and liberality.

JOHN A. COLLINS,
Gen. Agent A. A. S. S.

CONVENTIONS IN WESTERN NEW-YORK.

James N. Blakesley and Jacob Ferris, agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will attend conventions to be holden at the following places, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. and to continue two days.

Wayne County.

Macedon, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 20 and 21.
Wallworth, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23 and 24.
Ontario, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 27 and 28.
Williamson, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30 and 31.
Marion, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 3 and 4.
Palmyra, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6 and 7.

Messrs. Blakesly and Ferris will lecture on the intermediate evenings, at such places as the friends shall think proper.

The friends of the slave in the different localities are requested to make all the necessary arrangements, and extend the notice as widely as possible. A more favorable time has never been known, to impress the

Poetry.

FOREFATHER'S DAY.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

The Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore:
Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day,
When the Mayflower moor'd below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapt the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that she gave to the gale,
When the heavens look'd dark, is gone;
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile—sainted name!
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night,
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;
But the Pilgrim—where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest;
When Summer's thron'd on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dress'd,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day,
On that hallow'd spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Here is a little poem, equal to the best of Herbert, by HENRY VAUGHAN—born 1614, died 1695. I have never seen it reprinted in this country.

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

Awake, glad heart! get up, and sing!
It is the birthday of thy King;
Awake! awake!
The sun doth shake
Light from his locks, and all the way,
Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

Awake! awake! hark how th' wood sings,
Winds whisper, and the busy springs
A concert make:
Awake, awake!
Man is their high priest, and should rise
To offer up the sacrifice.

I would I were some bird or star,
Fluttering in woods, or lifted far
Above this inn,
And road of sin!
Then either star or bird should be
Shining or singing still to thee.

I would I had in my best part,
Fit rooms for thee! or that my heart
Were so clean as
Thy manger was!
But I am all filth and obscene;
Yet, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

Sweet Jesu! *will* then: let no more
This leper haunt and soil thy door;
Cure him, ease him,
Oh, release him!
And let once more, by mystic birth,
The Lord of Life be born on earth.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

We are all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled—we're all at *home!*
To-night let no cold stranger come:
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot:
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour.
We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guileless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in, and thinned our little band:
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank lingering day by day;
The quiet grave-yard—some lie there—
And cruel ocean has his share—
We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here,
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear;
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them, as in times long past,
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold,
They're round us as they were of old—
We *are* all here.

We are all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love, with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
Oh! then, that wisdom may be known,
Which yields a life of peace below;
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all—all here.

HYMN FOR SLAVEHOLDERS.

Strike from the laborer's limbs his chain!
In the fierce sun the iron burns!
By night, it fills his dreams with pain;
By day, it galls him, as he turns.

Yes; and your dreams it visits, too,
When Fear stands o'er your restless bed;
And shakes it in your ears, till you
Tremble as at an earthquake's tread.

Then break his chain, and let him go,
And, with the spirit of a man,
Earn his own bread; and you shall know
Peace,—that you know not now, nor can.

The chain that binds to you your slave,
Binds you to him, with links so strong
That you must wear them to your grave,
If all your days you do him wrong.

Then from his body and your soul,
Throw off the load while yet you may;
Thus strive, in faith, for heaven's high goal,
And wait, in hope the judgment day.

Miscellany.

From Dickens's Notes on America.

SOLITARY IMPRISONMENT.

In the outskirts, stands a great prison, called the Eastern Penitentiary: conducted on a plan peculiar to the State of Pennsylvania. The system here, is rigid, strict, and hopeless solitary confinement. I believe it, in its effects, to be cruel and wrong.

In its intention, I am well convinced that it is kind, humane, and meant for reformation; but I am persuaded that those who devised this system of prison discipline, and those benevolent gentlemen who carry it into execution, do not know what it is that they are doing. I believe that very few men are capable of estimating the immense amount of torture and agony which this dreadful punishment, prolonged for years, inflicts upon the sufferers; and in guessing at it myself, and in reasoning from what I have seen written upon their faces, and what to my certain knowledge they feel within, I am only the more convinced that there is a depth of terrible endurance in it which none but the sufferers themselves can fathom, and which no man has a right to inflict upon his fellow-creature.

I hold this slow and daily tampering with the mysteries of the brain, to be immeasurably worse than any torture of the body: and because its ghastly signs and tokens are not so palpable to the eye, and sense of touch, as scars upon the flesh; because its wounds are not upon the surface, and it extorts few cries that human ears can hear; therefore I the more denounce it, as a secret punishment which slumbering humanity is not roused up to stay. I hesitated once, debating with myself, whether, if I had the power of saying "Yes" or "No," I would allow it to be tried in certain cases, where the terms of imprisonment were short; but now, solemnly declare, that with no rewards or honors could I walk a happy man beneath the open sky by day, or lie me down upon my bed at night, with the consciousness that one human creature, for any length of time, no matter what, lay suffering this unknown punishment in his silent cell, and I the cause, or I consenting to it in the least degree.

I was accompanied to this prison by two gentlemen officially connected with its management, and passed the day in going from cell to cell, and talking with the inmates. Every facility was afforded me, that the utmost courtesy could suggest. Nothing was concealed or hidden from my view, and every piece of information that I sought, was openly and frankly given. The perfect order of the building cannot be praised too highly, and of the excellent motives of all who are immediately concerned in the administration of the system, there can be no kind of question.

Between the body of the prison and the outer wall, there is a spacious garden. Entering it, by a wicket in the massive gate, we pursued the path before us to its other termination, and passed into a large chamber, from which seven long passages radiate.

On either side of each, is a long, long row of low cell doors, with a certain number over every one. Above, a gallery of cells like those below, except that they have no narrow yard attached (as those in the ground tier have,) and are somewhat smaller. The possession of two of these, is supposed to compensate for the absence of so much air and exercise as can be had in the dull strip attached to each of the others, in an hour's time every day; and therefore every prisoner in this upper story has two cells, adjoining and communicating with each other.

Standing at the central point, and looking down these dreary passages, the dull repose and quiet that prevails, is awful. Occasionally, there is a drowsy sound from some lone weaver's shuttle, or shoemaker's last, but it is stifled by the thick walls and heavy dungeon-door, and only serves to make the general stillness more profound. Over the head and face of every prisoner who comes into this melancholy house, a black hood is drawn; and in this dark shroud, an emblem of the curtain dropped between him and the living world, he is led to the cell from which he never again comes forth, until his whole term of imprisonment has expired. He never hears of wife or children; home or friends; the life or death of any single creature. He sees the prison-officers; but with that exception, he never looks upon a human countenance, or hears a human voice. He is a man buried alive; to be dug out in the slow round of years; and in the meantime dead to everything but torturing anxieties and horrible despair.

His name, and crime, and term of suffering, are unknown, even to the officer who delivers him his daily food. There is a number over his cell door, and in a book of which the governor of the prison has one copy, and the moral instructor another; this is the idex to his history. Beyond these pages the prison has no record of his existence: and though he live to be in the same cell ten weary years, he has no means of knowing, down to the very last hour, in what part of the building it is situated; what kind of men there are about him; whether in the long winter nights there are living people near, or he is in some lonely corner of the great jail, with walls, and passages, and iron doors between him and the nearest sharer in its solitary horrors.

Every cell has double doors: the outer one of sturdy oak, the other of grated iron, wherein there is a trap through which his food is handed. He has a bible, and a slate and pencil, and under certain restrictions, has sometimes other books, provided for the purpose, and pen, ink, and paper. His razor, plate, and can, and basin, hang upon the wall, or shine upon the little shelf. Fresh water is laid on in every cell, and he can draw it at his pleasure. During the day, his bedstead turns up against the wall, and leaves more space for him to work in. His loom, or bench, or wheel is there; and there he labors, sleeps, and wakes, and counts the seasons as they change, and grows old.

The first man I saw, was seated at his loom, at work. He had been there six years, and was to remain, I think, three more. He had been convicted as a receiver of stolen goods, but even after this long imprisonment, denied his guilt, and said he had been hardly dealt by. It was his second offense.

He stopped his work when we went in, took off his spectacles, and answered freely to *everything* that was said to him, but always with a strange kind of pause first, in a low, thoughtful voice. He wore a paper hat of his own making, and was pleased to have it noticed and commended. He had very ingeniously manufactured a sort of Dutch clock, from some disregarded odds and ends; and his vinegar-bottle served for the pendulum. Seeing me interested in this contrivance, he looked up at it with a great deal of pride, and said that he had been thinking of improving it, and that he hoped the hammer, and a little piece of broken glass beside it, "would play music before long." He had extracted some colors from the yarn with which he worked, and painted a few poor figures on the wall. One, of a female, over the door, he called "The Lady of the Lake."

He smiled, as I looked at these contrivances to wile away the time; but when I looked from them to him, I saw that his lip trembled, and could have counted the beating of his heart. I forget how it came about, but some allusion was made to his having a wife. He shook his head at the word, turned aside, and covered his face with his hands.

"But you are resigned now!" said one of the gentlemen, after a short pause, during which he had resumed his former manner. He answered with a sigh that seemed quite reckless in its hopelessness, "Oh, yes; oh, yes! I am resigned to it." "And are a better man, you think?" "Well, I hope so: I'm sure I hope I may be." "And time goes pretty quickly?" "Time is very long, gentlemen, within these four walls!"

He gazed about him—Heaven only knows how wearily!—as he said these words; and in the act of doing so, fell into a strange stare, as if he had forgotten something. A moment afterwards he sighed heavily, put on his spectacles, and went about his work again.

In another cell, there was a German, sentenced to five years' imprisonment for larceny, two of which had just expired. With colors procured in the same manner, he had painted every inch of the walls and ceiling quite beautifully. He had laid out the few feet of ground, behind, with exquisite neatness, and had made a little bed in the centre that looked, by the bye, like a grave. The taste and ingenuity he had displayed in everything were most extraordinary; and yet a more dejected, heart-broken, wretched creature, it would be difficult to imagine. I never saw such a picture of forlorn affliction and distress of mind. My heart bled for him; and when the tears ran down his cheeks, and he took one of the visitors aside, to ask, with his trembling hands nervously clutching at his coat to detain him, whether there was no hope of his dismal sentence being commuted, the spectacle was really too painful to witness. I never saw or heard of any kind of misery that impressed me more than the wretchedness of this man.

In a third cell, was a tall, strong black, a burglar, working at his proper trade of making screws, and the like. His time was nearly out. He was not only a very dextrous thief, but was notorious for his boldness and hardihood, and for the number of his previous convictions. He entertained us with a long account of his achievements, which he related with such infinite relish, that he actually seemed to lick his lips as he told us racy anecdotes of stolen plate, and of old ladies whom he had watched as they sat at windows in silver spectacles, (he had plainly had an eye to their metal, even from the other side of the street,) and had afterwards robbed. This fellow, upon the slightest encouragement, would have mingled with his professional recollections the most detestable cant; but I am very much mistaken if he could have surpassed the unmitigated hypocrisy with which he declared that he blessed the day on which he came into that prison, and that he never would commit another robbery as long as he lived.

There was one man who was allowed, as an indulgence, to keep rabbits. His room having rather a close smell in consequence, they called to him at the door, to come out in the passage. He complied, of course, and stood shading his haggard face in the unwonted sunlight of the great window, looking as wan and unearthly as if he had been summoned from the grave. He had a white rabbit in his breast; and when the little creature, getting down upon the ground, stole back into the cell, and he, being dismissed, crept timidly after it, I thought it would have been very hard to say in what respect the man was the nobler animal of the two.

There was an English thief, who had been there but a few days out of seven years; a villanous, low-browed, thin-lipped fellow, with a white face; who had as yet no relish for visitors, and who, but for the additional penalty, would have gladly stabbed me with his shoemaker's knife.

There was another German, who had entered the jail but yesterday, and who started from his bed when we looked in, and pleaded, in his broken English, very hard for work. There was a poet, who after doing two days' work in every four-and-twenty hours, one for himself, and one for the prison, wrote verses about ships, (he was by trade a mariner,) and "the maddening wine-cup," and his friends at home. There were very many of them. Some reddened at the sight of visitors, and some turned very pale. Some two or three had prisoner nurses with them, for they were very sick; and one fat old negro, whose leg had been taken off within the jail, had for his attendant a classical scholar, and an accomplished surgeon, himself a prisoner likewise. Sitting upon the stairs, engaged in some slight work, was a pretty colored boy. "Is there no refuge for young criminals in Philadelphia, then?" said I. "Yes; but only for white children." Noble aristocracy in crime!

There was a sailor, who had been there upwards of eleven years; and who, in a few months' time, would be free. Eleven years of solitary confinement!

"I am very glad to hear your time is nearly out." What does he say? Nothing. Why does he stare at his hands, and pick the flesh upon his fingers, and raise his eyes for an instant, every now and then, to those bare walls which have seen his head turn grey? It is a way he has sometimes.

Does he never look men in the face, and does he always pluck those hands of his, as though he were bent on parting skin and bone? It is his humor—nothing more.

It is his humor, too, to say that he does not look forward to going out; that he is not glad the time is drawing near; that he did look forward to it once, but that was very long ago; that he has lost all care for everything. It is his humor to be a helpless, crushed, and broken man. And Heaven be his witness that he has his humor thoroughly gratified!

There were three young women in adjoining cells, all convicted at the same time, of a conspiracy to rob their prosecutor. In the silence and solitude of their lives, they had grown to be quite beautiful. Their looks were very sad, and might have moved the sternest visitor to tears, but not to that kind of sorrow which the contemplation of the men awakens. One was a young girl; not twenty, as I recollect; whose snow-white room was hung with the work of some former prisoner, and upon whose downcast face the sun in all its splendor shone down through the high chink in the wall, where one narrow strip of bright blue sky was visible.—She was very penitent, and quiet; had come to be resigned, she said, (and I believe her;) and had a mind at peace. "In a word, you are happy here?" said one of my companions. She struggled—she did struggle very hard—to answer, "Yes;" but raising her eyes, and meeting that glimpse of freedom overhead, she burst into tears, and said, "She tried to be; she uttered no complaint; but it was natural that she should sometimes long to go out of that one cell; she could not help *that*," she sobbed, poor thing!

I went from cell to cell that day; and every face I saw, or word I heard, or incident I noted, is present to my mind in all its painfulness. But let me pass them by, for one, more pleasant, glance of a prison on the same plan, which I afterwards saw at Pittsburgh.

When I had gone over that, in the same manner, I asked the governor if he had any person in his charge who was shortly going out. He had one, he said, whose time was up next day; but he had only been a prisoner two years.

Two years! I looked back through two years of my own life—out of jail, prosperous, happy, surrounded by blessings, comforts, and good fortune—and thought how wide a gap it was, and how long those two years passed in solitary captivity would have been. I have the face of this man, who was going to be released next day, before me now. It is almost more memorable in its happiness than the other faces in their misery. How easy and how natural it was for him to say that the system was a good one; and that the time went "pretty quick, considering;" and that when a man once felt he had offended the law, and must satisfy it, "he got along, somehow;" and so forth!

"What did he call you back to say to you, in that strange flutter?" I asked of my conductor, when he had locked the door and joined me in the passage.

"Oh! that he was afraid that the soles of his boots were not fit for walking, as they were a good deal worn when he came in; and that he would thank me very much to have them mended, ready."

These boots had been taken off his feet, and put away with the rest of his clothes, two years before!

I took that opportunity of inquiring how they conducted themselves immediately before going out; adding, that I presumed they trembled very much.

"Well, it's not so much a-trembling," was the answer; "though they do quiver, as a complete derangement of the nervous system. They can't sign their names to the book; sometimes can't even hold the pen; look about 'em without appearing to know why, or where they are; and sometimes get up and set down again, twenty times in a minute. This is when they're in the office, where they are taken with the hood on, as they were brought in. When they get outside the gate, they stop and look first one way, and then the other; not knowing which to take. Sometimes they stagger as if they were drunk; and sometimes are forced to lean against the fence, they're so bad; but they clear off, in course of time."

As I walked among these solitary cells, and looked at the faces of the men within them, I tried to picture to myself the thoughts and feelings natural to their condition. I imagined the hood just taken off, and the scene of the captivity disclosed to them, in all its dismal monotony.

At first, the man is stunned. His confinement is a hideous vision; and his old life a reality. He throws himself upon his bed, and lies there, abandoned to despair. By degrees the insupportable solitude and barrenness of the place rouses him from his stupor; and when the trap in his grated door is opened, he humbly begs and prays for work. "Give me some work to do, or I shall go raving mad!"

He has it; and by fits and starts applies himself to labor; but every now and then there comes upon him a burning sense of the years that must be wasted in that stone coffin; and an agony so piercing in the recollection of those who are hidden from his view and knowledge, that he starts from his seat, and striding up and down the narrow room, with both hands clasped on his uplifted head, hears spirits tempting him to beat his brains out on the wall.

Again he falls upon his bed, and lies there, moaning. Suddenly he starts up, wondering whether any other man is near; whether there is another cell like that on either side of him; and listens keenly.

There is no sound; but other prisoners may be near, for all that. He remembers to have heard once, when he little thought of coming here himself, that the cells were so constructed that the prisoners could not hear each other, though the officers could hear them. Where is the nearest man—upon the right, or on the left? or is there one in both directions? Where is he sitting now—with his face to the light? or is he walking to and fro? How is he dressed? Has he been here long? Is he much worn away? Is he very white and spectre-like? Does *he* think of his neighbor, too?

Scarcely venturing to breathe, and listening while he thinks, he conjures up a figure with its back towards him, and imagines it moving about in this next cell. He has no idea of the face; but he is certain of the dark form of a stooping man. In the cell upon the other side, he puts another figure, whose face is hidden from him also. Day after day, and often when he wakes up in the middle of the night, he thinks of these two men, until he is almost distracted.

He never changes them. They are always as he first imagined them—an old man on the right; a younger man upon the left, whose hidden features torture him to death, and have a mystery that makes him tremble.

The weary days pass on with solemn pace, like mourners at a funeral; and slowly he begins to feel that the white walls of the cell have something dreadful in them; that their color is horrible; that their smooth surface chills his blood; that there is one hateful corner which torments him. Every morning when he wakes, he hides his head beneath the coverlet, and shudders to see the ghastly ceiling looking down upon him. The blessed light of day itself peeps in, an ugly phantom face, through the unchangeable crevice which is his prison window.

By slow, but sure degrees, the terrors of that hateful corner swell until they beset him at all times; invade his rest, make his dreams hideous, and his nights dreadful. At first, he took a strange dislike to it: feeling as though it gave birth in his brain to something of a corresponding shape, which ought not to be there, and racked his head with pains. Then he began to fear it, then to dream of it, and of men whispering its name and pointing to it. Then he could not bear to look at it, nor yet to turn his back upon it. Now, it is every night the lurking-place of a ghost: a shadow:—a silent something, horrible to see, but whether bird, or beast, or muffled human shape, he cannot tell.

When he is in his cell by day, he fears the little yard, without. When he is in the yard, he dreads to re-enter the cell. When night comes, there stands the phantom in the corner. If he have the courage to stand in its place, and drive it out, (he had once: being desperate,) it broods upon his bed. In the twilight, and always at the same hour, a voice calls him by name; as the darkness thickens, his loom begins to live; and even that, his comfort, is a hideous figure, watching him till daybreak.

Again, by slow degrees, these horrible fancies depart from him one by one: returning, sometimes unexpectedly, but at longer intervals, and in less alarming shapes. He has talked upon religious matters with the gentleman who visits him, and has read his Bible, and has written a prayer upon his slate, and hung it up, as a kind of protection, and an assurance of heavenly companionship. He dreams now, sometimes, of his children or his wife, but is sure that they are dead, or have deserted him. He is easily moved to tears; is gentle, submissive, and broken-spirited. Occasionally, the old agony comes back: a very little thing will revive it; even a familiar sound, or the scent of summer flowers in the air; but it does not last long, now: for the world without, has come to be the vision, and this solitary life, the sad reality.

If his term of imprisonment be short—I mean comparatively, for short it cannot be—the last half year is almost worse than all: for then he thinks the prison will take fire, and he burnt in the ruins, or that he is doomed to die within the walls, or that he will be detained on some false charge, and sentenced for another term: or that something, no matter what, must happen, to prevent his going at large. And this is natural, and impossible to be reasoned against, because, after his long separation from human life, and his great suffering, any event will appear to him more probable in the contemplation, than the being restored to liberty, and his fellow-creatures.

If his period of confinement have been very long, the prospect of release bewilders and confuses him. His broken heart may flutter for a moment, when he thinks of the world outside, and what it might have been to him in all those lonely years, but that is all. The cell-door has been closed too long on all its hopes and cares. Better to have hanged him in the beginning, than to bring him to this pass, and send him forth to mingle with his kind, who are his kind no more.

On the haggard face of every man among these prisoners, the same expression sat. I know not what to liken it to. It had something of that strained attention which we see upon the faces of the blind and deaf, mingled with a kind of horror, as though they had all been secretly terrified.

In every little chamber that I entered, and at every grate through which I looked, I seemed to see the same appalling countenance. It lives in my memory, with the fascination of a remarkable picture. Parade before my eyes a hundred men, with one among them newly released from this solitary suffering, and I would point him out.

The faces of the women, as I have said, it humanizes and refines. Whether this be, because of their better nature, which is elicited in solitude, or because of their being gentler creatures, of greater patience, and longer suffering, I do not know; but so it is. That the punishment is, nevertheless, to my thinking, fully as cruel and as wrong in their cases, as in that of the men, I need scarcely add.

My firm conviction is, that, independent of the mental anguish it occasions—an anguish so acute and so tremendous, that all imagination of it must fall far short of the reality—it wears the mind into a morbid state, which renders it unfit for the rough contact and busy action of the world. It is my fixed opinion, that those who have undergone this punishment, MUST pass into society again morally unhealthy and diseased. There are many instances on record, of men who have chosen, or have been condemned, to lives of perfect solitude, but I scarcely remember one, even among sages of strong and vigorous intellect, where its effect has not become apparent, in some disordered train of thought, or some gloomy hallucination. What monstrous phantoms, bred of despondency and doubt, and born and reared in solitude, have stalked upon the earth, making creation ugly, and darkening the face of Heaven!

Suicides are rare among these prisoners; are almost, indeed, unknown. But no argument in favor of the system can reasonably be deduced from this circumstance, although it is very often urged. All men who have made diseases of the mind their study, know perfectly well that such extreme depression and despair as will change the whole character, and beat down all its powers of elasticity and self-resistance, may be at work within a man, and yet stop short of self-destruction. This is a common case.

That it makes the senses dull, and by degrees impairs the bodily faculties, I am quite sure. I remarked to those who were with me in this very establishment at Philadelphia, that the criminals who had been there long, were deaf. They, who were in the habit of seeing these men constantly, were perfectly amazed at the idea, which they regarded as groundless and fanciful. And yet the very first prisoner to whom they appealed—one of their own selection—confirmed my impression (which was unknown to him) instantly, and said, with a genuine air it was impossible to doubt, that he couldn't think how it happened, but he *was* growing very dull of hearing.

That it is a singularly unequal punishment, and affects the worst man least, there is no doubt. In its superior efficiency as a means of reformation, compared with that other code of regulations which allows the prisoners to work in company, without communicating together, I have not the smallest faith. All the instances of reformation that were mentioned to me, were of a kind that might have been—and I have no doubt whatever, in my own mind, would have been—equally well brought about by the silent system. With regard to such men as the negro burglar and the English thief, even the most enthusiastic have scarcely any hope of their conversion.

It seems to me that the objection that nothing wholesome or good has ever had its growth in such unnatural solitude, and that even a dog, or any of the more intelligent among beasts, would pine, and mope, and rust away, beneath its influence, would be in itself a sufficient argument against this system. But when we recollect, in addition, how very cruel and severe it is, and that a solitary life is always liable to peculiar and distinct objections of a most deplorable nature, which have arisen here; and call to mind, moreover, that the choice is not between this system, and a bad or ill-considered one, but between it and another which has worked well, and is, in its whole design and practise, excellent; there is surely more than sufficient reason for abandoning a mode of punishment attended by so little hope of promise, and fraught, beyond dispute, with such a host of evils.

As a relief to its contemplation, I will close this chapter with a curious story, arising out of the same theme, which was related to me, on the occasion of this visit, by some of the gentlemen concerned.

At one of the periodical meetings of the inspectors of this prison, a workingman of Philadelphia presented himself before the board, and earnestly requested to be placed in solitary confinement. On being asked what motive could possibly prompt him to make this strange demand, he answered, that he had an irresistible propensity to get drunk; that he was constantly indulging it, to his great misery and ruin; and that he had no power of resistance; that he wished to be put beyond the reach of temptation; and that he could think of no better way than this. It was pointed out to him, in reply, that the prison was for criminals who had been tried and sentenced by the law, and could not be made available for any such fanciful purposes: he was exhorted to abstain from intoxicating drinks, as he surely might, if he would; and received other very good advice, with which he retired, exceedingly dissatisfied with the result of his application.

He came again, and again, and was so very earnest and importunate, that at last they took counsel together, and said, "He will certainly qualify himself for admission, if we reject him any more. Let us shut him up. He will soon be glad to go away, and then we shall get rid of him." So they made him sign a statement which would prevent his ever sustaining an action for false imprisonment, to the effect that his incarceration was voluntary, and of his own seeking: they requested him to take notice that the officer in attendance had orders to release him at any hour of the day or night, when he might knock upon his door for that purpose; but desired him to understand, that once going out, he would not be admitted any more. These conditions agreed upon, and he still remaining in the same mind, he was conducted to the prison, and shut up in one of the cells.

In this cell, the man, who had not the firmness to leave a glass of liquor standing untasted on a table before him—in this cell, in solitary confinement, and working every day at his trade of shoemaking, this man remained nearly two years. His health beginning to fail, at the expiration of that time, the surgeon recommended that he should work occasionally in the garden; and as he liked the notion very much, he went about this new occupation with great cheerfulness.

He was digging here, one summer day, very industriously, when the wicket in the outer gate chanced to be left open: showing, beyond, the well-remembered dusty road, and sunburnt fields. The way was as free to him as to any man living, but he no sooner raised his head and caught sight of it, all shining in the light, than, with the involuntary instinct of a prisoner, he cast away his spade, scampered off as fast as his legs would carry him, and never once looked back.

SHEEP AND SHIP.

If unluckily you should by chance get into a dispute, the best way is to stop short, and ask your antagonist to enter into a consideration of what the point of debate is. This is apt to have a cooling effect on both parties, and to result in a clear understanding of the real question.

A few years since, I happened to be travelling in a stage coach, where, among half-a-dozen passengers, there were a Frenchman and an Englishman. There seemed to be a sort of cat-and-dog feeling between them: for if one opened his lips, the other was sure to fly at the observation with the teeth and claws of dispute. As we were driving along, the Englishman spoke of a sheep he had seen in some foreign land, with a tail so long as to drag upon the ground. Thereupon the Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, curled his lip, lifted his eyebrows, and took a pinch of snuff.

"What do you mean by that?" said the Englishman, not a little nettled at the contemptuous air of his rival.

"Vat do mean?" said the latter; "I means dat a sheap has not got von tail at all."

"A sheep han't got a tail, ha?" said the Englishman.

"No, not von bit?" said the Frenchman.

"Well, this comes from eating frogs," said John Bull. "What can you expect of a man who eats frogs? You say a sheep hasn't got a tail. I tell you, mounseer, a sheep *has* got a tail."

"Pardon, monsieur," said the other, with a polite bow, yet with a very sneering expression; "I say de sheap has not von tail."

By this time the parties were greatly excited, and we cannot say what might have happened, had not one of the passengers asked the Frenchman what he meant by a *sheap?*

"Vat do I means by a *sheap?* vy, I means one larsh thing, with sails and rudder, that goes upon de sea."

"Oh, ho!" said the Englishman, "you mean a ship."

"Oui, monsieur," was the reply; "I mean von sheap, that has de captain and de sailors, and vat goes on the vater."

"Very well, sir," says the Englishman, "I meant a *sheep*, a creature of four legs, and covered with wool."

"Ah, you mean von *sheep* vit de vool," said the other. "Oui, oui, monsieur; de sheep vit de vool has de tail."

This incident taught me a lesson, and I give it gratis to my readers—if they ever get into controversy let them consider whether one of the parties does not mean a *ship* and the other a *sheep*.

WISE SAYINGS.

TENDERNESS, *vs.* SEVERITY.—Oh, the day will come, wherein one act of tenderness, about matters of conscience, shall find a better reward, than all the severity by which men use to propagate their persuasions in the world; and there is great reason for it, since the one flows from the Saviour, the other from the destroyer of men.—*William Penn.*

TRUE PROSPERITY.—You talk of the prosperity of your city. I know but of one true prosperity. Does the human *soul* grow and prosper here? Do not point me to your thronged streets. I ask, *who* throng them? Is it a low-minded, self-seeking, gold-worshipping, man-despising crowd, which I see rushing through them? Do I meet a grasping multitude, seeking to thrive by concealment and fraud? An anxious multitude, driven by fear of want to doubtful means of gain? An unfeeling multitude, caring nothing for others, if they may themselves prosper or enjoy? * * * Hereby our prosperity is a vain show. Its true use is, to make a better people.—*Dr. Channing.*

BEGGARS OF SOCIETY.—The idle levy a heavy tax upon the industrious, when, by frivolous *visitations*, they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread; and, like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted to the honor of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home till he has accumulated an insupportable load of ennui, and he sallies forth to distribute it among all his acquaintances.—*Lacon.*

THE HIGHEST.—What is there in man so worthy of honor and reverence as this—that he is capable of contemplating something higher than his own reason—more sublime than the whole universe; that Spirit which alone is self-subsistent—from which all truth proceeds—without which is no truth?—*F. H. Jacobi.*

Miscellaneous Items.

Life Boats.—It has been found, by computation, that the number of lives lost since November 10th, by the wrecking and burning of vessels, and the swamping of boats, is *five hundred and seventy-eight*, and of this number *one hundred and thirty-four* were drowned by the *swamping* of the ordinary boats. In one instance, one hundred and ninety passengers perished within one hundred and fifty yards of the shore, and in sight of thousands of spectators, who had no means of giving assistance, as there were no life boats at hand, and the common boats had all swamped. It seems surprising, after so many and so terrible disasters, that vessels will put to sea totally unprovided with life boats of any description.

Progress of Civilization.—A college has been opened in Glasgow, under splendid auspices, for the education of women in the higher branches of academical knowledge. This is the first attempt in Great Britain to elevate woman, and to place her, intellectually, on a par with man. Several most distinguished professors have been appointed, all of whom are ministers of the gospel. The University is very appropriately termed "Queen's College."

Barbarism.—A burglar, named John Pemberton, has been convicted in Wilmington, Del. for breaking into a gentleman's house, and stealing a number of articles. He is sentenced to receive twenty-five lashes on the back, to stand in the pillory one hour, pay a fine of five hundred dollars, and to be confined in prison four months.

Gratitude.—In 1811, G. Wilson, of Biddick, emigrated to North America, having previously borrowed 20 shillings from P. Robson, a neighbor, to assist him in effecting that object, under a promise to remember him if ever he had it in his power. Robson was a laboring banksman. On Monday week he received a letter from the executors of Wilson, apprising him that he had recently died at Philadelphia, and bequeathed him money and property to the value of about £7,000! The party who has reaped this ample return for his generosity is now about 70 years of age; but, about half a year ago he married a woman not more than 40.—*Durham Chron.*

An Ærial Steam Carriage.—This is the name which has been given to a new machine, for which a company has taken out a patent, and which is to convey passengers, goods, and despatches through the air, performing the journey from London to India in four days! and to travel at the rate of from 75 to 100 miles per hour! A company of gentlemen is really formed, even of mechanical men; the patent was formally sealed on the 29th of September last, and systematic arrangements are in progress to complete the design. In January the machine will be thoroughly organized, and until then we take leave of the subject, and only trust that this alledged invention is neither exaggerated, nor an Utopian project; and from the conversation we had with those in connection with the design, we have every reason to believe that neither is the case.—*London Atlas.*

Singular Phenomenon.—The Indianapolis Sentinel of the 29th ult. announces the following singular occurrence:

We are informed by a gentleman who has recently visited the place, that a subterranean fire has been raging in Putnam county for several weeks. It has extended *under* a space of some acres of ground, about 1 1-2 or 2 miles south of Manhattan; and the timber had commenced falling in every direction on the "infected district." Where the earth has fallen in, it has left openings through which smoke issues constantly. Various causes for the phenomenon are given; but the most reasonable seems to be that a vein of coal, with which the country abounds, has become ignited from some cause, perhaps lightning.

Steam Power of Great Britain.—An English publication—the Tablet of Memory—intimates, from authentic data, that the steam power in constant employment in Great Britain, is equal to five hundred millions of men.

FRIEND OF FREEDOM,
AND
Free-Labor Advocate,

Is the name of a contemplated monthly sheet, to be published at Lodi, Cattaraugus, and Erie counties, N. Y.

As the organ of Western New-York Free Produce Association, it will be conducted by its Executive Committee. Its object will be to carry out or to extend the object of the association, as expressed in the following motto:

WE HOLD THAT THE CORNER STONE OF THE CITADEL OF UNIVERSAL FREEDOM, CONSISTS IN ABSTINENCE FROM THE PRODUCTS OF SLAVE LABOR. It is confidently believed that just so soon as the people of the free States stop trading with, or buying the productions of, the slave States, slaveholders will begin to pay wages, and hence slavery cease to exist. Young men and young women are invited to take an interest in this cause, and subscribe for the FRIEND OF FREEDOM.

Communications from them and others, written in a plain, familiar style, and as briefly as the nature of the case will admit, will be thankfully received and attended to, provided they be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer.

With the blessing of Heaven upon the unwearied exertion of the friends of suffering humanity, the Jubilee of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION will ere long arrive.

TERMS, &c.—THE FRIEND OF FREEDOM and FREE LABOR ADVOCATE will make its appearance as soon as there are a sufficient number of subscribers to warrant the undertaking. It is expected to be about the size of the Oberlin Evangelist or Youth's Cabinet, and as to matter and mechanical execution, it will be as neat and interesting as the means at the disposal of the committee can make it.

It will be afforded to single subscribers at FIFTY CENTS per annum—to companies of five, with one address, $2 00; of ten, $3 00; of twenty, $5 00. Remittances for subscribers can be made by Postmasters without expense.

Address (post paid) Levi Taft, Treasurer, Lodi, Persia Postoffice, N. Y., or Lorenzo Mabbett, Corresponding Secretary, Collins, Erie Co. N. Y.

11th Month, 1842

N. B. Publishers who will give the above prospectus a few insertions in their papers, shall be entitled to a copy of the FRIEND OF FREEDOM.

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COUNTRY MERCHANTS will do well to call and examine for themselves, before purchasing elsewhere.

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